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WASHINGTON IRVING

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LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SALMAGUNDI ;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem; toastem, roastem, folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*
With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and broiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

VOL. I.

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NEW-YORK:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH,

At the Shakspeare-Gallery.

1808.

Div. 3167

District of } ss. **BE IT REMEMBERED**, that
New-York. } on the sixth day of March, in
the thirty-first year of the Independence of the United
States of America, *David Longworth*, of the said Dis-
trict, hath deposited in this office, the title of a Book,
the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words
and figures following, to wit :

*Salmagundi ; or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of
Launcelot Langstaff, esq. & others.*

—*00000*—

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broil'd, and stew'd and toasted,
And fried, and boil'd, and smok'd and roasted,
We treat the town.

—*00000*—

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the Uni-
ted States, entitled “ An Act for the encouragement of
“ Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts,
“ and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such
“ Copies, during the times herein mentioned ;” and al-
“ so to an act entitled “ An Act supplementary to an
“ act entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learn-
“ ing by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and
“ Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies,
“ during the times therein mentioned, and extending
“ the benefits thereof, to the Arts of Designing, Engra-
“ ving and Etching historical and other prints.”

EDWARD DUNSCOMB,
Clerk of the District of New-York.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

Advertisement	3
Publisher's Notice	5
From the Elbow-Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	6
Introduction	ib.
Theatrick's, by William Wizard, Esq.	14
New York Assembly, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	17
From the Elbow-Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	21
Mr. Wilson's Concert, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	27
Character of Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	30
Epistle from Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	34
Introduction to Mustapha's first letter	39
Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan, to Asem Hacchem principal slave driver to his highness the bashaw of Tripoli	42
Fashions, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	47
Wise conjectures of the town respecting the authors	50
"How now mooncalf!"	53
Proclamation, by Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	54
From the Elbow-Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	57
Memorandums for a Tour to be entitled "The Stranger in New Jersey: or Cockloft trav- elling, by Jeremy Cockloft the younger.	61
From the Elbow-Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	67
Flummery from the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	70
Notice from the Authors	81
From the Elbow Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	83

CONTENTS

Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan to Abdallah Eb'n al Rahab, sirnamed the snorer, Military Centinel al the gate of his Highness' palace	84
Will Wizard at a ball, by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	94
To the Ladies, from the Mill of Pindar Cockloft Esq.	101
From the Elbow-Chair or Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	106
Characteristicks of the Cockloft Family	ib.
Theatrick, by William Wizard, Esq.	117
Letter from Mustapha Rub a-dub Keli Khan, to Asem Hacchem	125
From the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	136
Character of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. by Anthony Evergreen, Gent.	144
On Style, by William Wizard, Esq.	152
Answer to certain meddling correspondents	159
My Aunt Charity, from the Elbow-Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	163
From the Elbow-Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	170
Letter from Mustapha Rub a dub Keli Khan to Asem Hacchem	172
From the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, Esq.	181
From the Elbow-Chair of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	189
Letter from Demy Semiquaver to Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.	191
The Stranger in Pennsylvania, by Jeremy Cockloft the younger	198

(fifth edition)

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AND OTHERS.

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Et smokem, roastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmangzar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 1] *Saturday, January 24, 1807.*

As every body knows, or ought to know, what a SALMAGUNDI is, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of an explanation—besides, we despise trouble as we do every thing that is low and mean; and hold the man who would incur it unnecessarily, as an object worthy our highest pity and contempt. Neither will we puzzle our heads to give an account of ourselves, for two reasons; first, because it is nobody's business; secondly, because if it were, we do not hold ourselves bound to attend to any body's business but our own; and even *that* we take the liberty of neglecting when it suits our inclination. To these we might add a third, that very few men *can* give a tolerable account of themselves, let them try ever so hard; but this reason we candidly avow would not hold good with ourselves.

There are, however, two or three pieces of information which we bestow gratis on the public, chiefly because it suits our own pleasure and convenience that they should be known, and partly because we do not wish that there should be any ill will between us at the commencement of our acquaintance.

Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age : this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence. We intend for this purpose to present a striking picture of the town ; and as every body is anxious to see his own phiz on canvas, however stupid or ugly it may be, we have no doubt but the whole town will flock to our exhibition. Our picture will necessarily include a vast variety of figures ; and should any gentleman or lady be displeased with the inveterate truth of their likenesses, they may ease their spleen, by laughing at those of their neighbours—this being what *we* understand by POETICAL JUSTICE.

Like all true and able editors, we consider ourselves infallible, and therefore with the customary diffidence of our brethren of the quill, we shall take the liberty of interfering in all matters either of a publick or private nature. We are criticks, amateurs, dillitanti, and cognoscenti ; and, as we know “by the pricking of our thumbs,” that every opinion which we may advance in either of those characters will be correct, we are determined, though it may be questioned, contradicted, or even controverted, yet it shall never be revoked.

We beg the publick particularly to understand, that we solicit no patronage—we are determined, on the contrary, that the patronage shall be entirely on our side. We have nothing to do with the pe-

cuniary concerns of the paper ; its success will yield us neither pride nor profit—nor will its failure occasion to us either loss or mortification. We advise the publick, therefore, to purchase our numbers merely for their own sakes—if they do not, let them settle the affair with their consciences and posterity.

To conclude, we invite all editors of newspapers and literary journals, to praise us heartily in advance, as we assure them that we intend to deserve their praises. To our next door neighbour “TOWN,” we hold out a hand of amity, declaring to him that, after ours, his paper will stand the best chance for immortality. We proffer an exchange of civilities ; he shall furnish us with notices of epick poems and tobacco—and we in return will enrich him with original speculations on all manner of subjects ; together with the “ rummaging of my grandfather’s mahogany chest of drawers,” “ the life and amours of mine uncle John,” “ anecdotes of the Cockloft family,” and learned quotations from that unheard of writer of folioes, *Linkum Fidelius*.

PUBLISHER’S NOTICE.

This work will be published and sold by D. Longworth. It will be printed on hot-prest vellum paper, as that is held in highest estimation for buckling up young ladies’ hair---a purpose to which similar works are usually appropriated : it will be a small neat duodecimo size, so that when enough numbers are written, it may form a volume sufficiently portable to be carried in old ladies’ pockets and young ladies’ work-bags.

As the above work will not come out at stated periods, notice will be given when another number will be published. The price will depend on the size of the number, and must be paid on delivery. The publisher professes the same sublime contempt for money as his authors. The liberal patronage bestowed by his discerning fellow-citizens on various works of taste which he has published, has left him no *inclination* to ask for further favours at their hands, and he publishes this work in the mere hope of requiting their bounty.*

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

We were a considerable time in deciding whether we should be at the pains of introducing ourselves to the publick. As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands and answer to our names.

Willing, however, to gain at once that frank, confidential footing, which we are certain of ultimately possessing in this doubtless, "best of all possible cities;" and, anxious to spare its worthy

* It was not originally the intention of the authors to insert the above address in the work; but, unwilling that a morceau so precious, should be lost to posterity, they have been induced to alter their minds. This will account for any repetition of idea that may appear in the introductory essay.

inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand *wise* conjectures, not one of which would be worth a “tobacco-stopper,” we have thought it in some degree a necessary exertion of charitable condescension to furnish them with a slight clue to the truth.

Before we proceed further, however, we advise every body, man, woman, and child, that can read, or get any friend to read for them, to purchase this paper :——not that we write for money ; for, in common with all philosophical wiseacres, from Solomon downwards, we hold it in supreme contempt. The publick are welcome to buy this work, or not, just as they choose. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the publick—and the publisher——we gain not a stiver. If it be not purchased, we give fair warning—we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams, in one promiscuous blaze ; and, like the books of the sybils and the Alexandrian Library, they will be lost forever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher, for the sake of the Publick, and for the sake of the Publick’s children, to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper. We beg the respectable old matrons of this city not to be alarmed at the appearance we make ;—we are none of those outlandish geniusses who swarm in New-York, who live by their wits, or rather by the little wit of their neighbours ; and who spoil the genuine honest american tastes of their daughters, with french slops and fricasseed sentiment.

We have said we do not write for money——neither do we write for fame ;—we know too well the variable nature of publick opinion, to build our hopes upon it—we *care* not what the public think of us ; and we suspect, before we reach the tenth

number, they will not *know* what to think of us. In two words—we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves—and this we shall be sure of doing ; for we are all three of us determined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If in the course of this work, we edify and instruct and amuse the publick, so much the better for the publick:—but we frankly acknowledge that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works, we shall discontinue them without the least remorse, whatever the publick may think of us.---While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily---if we moralize, it shall be but seldom ; and, on all occasions, we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry ; for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion, that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, jolly dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life---and takes the world as it goes.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world ;---nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded book-worm cynics squint at the little extravagancies of the ton ; but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep a more than Cerberus watch over the guardian rules of female delicacy and decorum, we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanour, or innocent vivacity of character.——Before we advance one line further, we must let it be understood, as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New-York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings, that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate

in any or all of the four elements ; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and unseemly conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world ;——nor will the gentlemen, who *doze* away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying. We mean those stupid fellows, who sit stock-still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how damned stupid it was at miss——'s party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and controul of ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT. to whom all communications on this subject, are to be addressed. This gentleman, from his long experience in the routine of balls, tea-parties, and assemblies, is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He is a kind of patriarch in the fashionable world ; and has seen generation after generation pass away into the silent tomb of matrimony, while he remains unchangeably the same. He can recount the amours and courtships of the fathers, mothers, uncles, and aunts, and even grandames, of all the belles of the present day ; provided their pedigrees extend so far back, without being lost in obscurity. As, however, treating of pedigrees is rather an ungrateful task in this city, and as we mean to be perfectly good-natured, he has promised to be cautious in this particular. He recollects perfectly the time when young ladies used to go sleigh riding, at night, without their mammas or grand-mammas ; in short, without being matronized at all ; and can relate a thousand pleasant stories about Kissing-

bridge. He likewise remembers the time when ladies paid tea-visits at three in the afternoon, and returned before dark to see that the house was shut up and the servants on duty. He has often played cricket in the orchard in the rear of old Vauxhall, and remembers when the Bull's-head was quite out of town. Though he has slowly and gradually given into modern fashions, and still flourishes in the *beau-monde*, yet he seems a little prejudiced in favor of the dress and manners of the *old school*; and his chief commendation of a new mode is, "that it is the same good old fashion we had before the war." It has cost us much trouble to make him confess that a cotillion is superior to a minuet, or an unadorned crop to a pig-tail and powder. Custom and fashion have, however, had more effect on him than all our lectures; and he tempers so happily the grave and ceremonious gallantry of the old school, with the "hail fellow" familiarity of the new, that, we trust, on a little acquaintance, and making allowance for his old-fashioned prejudices, he will become a very considerable favourite with our readers;—if not, the worse for themselves, as they will have to endure his company.

In the territory of criticism, WILLIAM WIZARD ESQ. has undertaken to preside; and though we may all dabble in it a little, by turns, yet we have willingly ceded to him all discretionary powers in this respect. Though Will has not had the advantage of an education at Oxford, at Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh, or Aberdeen, and though he is but little versed in hebrew, yet we have no doubt he will be found fully competent to the undertaking. He has improved his taste by a long residence abroad, particularly at Canton, Calcutta, and the gay and polish-

ed court of Hayti. He has also had an opportunity of seeing the best singing girls and tragedians of China, is a great connoisseur in mandarine dresses, and porcelane, and particularly values himself on his intimate knowledge of the buffalo and war dances of the northern indians. He is likewise promised the assistance of a gentleman lately from London, who was born and bred in that centre of science and *bon gout*, the vicinity of Fleet-market, where he has been edified man and boy these six-and-twenty years with the harmonious jingle of Bow-bells. His taste, therefore, has attained to such an exquisite pitch of refinement, that there are few exhibitions of any kind which do not put him in a fever. He has assured Will, that if Mr. Cooper emphasises "*and*" instead of "*but*"—or Mrs. Oldmixon pins her kerchief a hair's breadth awry—or Mrs. Darley offers to dare to look less than the "daughter of a senator of Venice"—the standard of a senator's daughter being exactly six feet—they shall all hear of it in good time. We have, however, advised Will Wizard to keep his friend in check, lest by opening the eyes of the publick to the wretchedness of the actors by whom they have hitherto been entertained, he might cut off one source of amusement from our fellow-citizens. We hereby give notice, that we have taken the whole corps, from the manager in his mantle of gorgeous copper-lace, to honest *John* in his green coat and black breeches, under our wing—and woe be unto him who injures a hair of their heads. As we have no design against the patience of our fellow-citizens, we shall not *dose* them with copious draughts of theatrical criticism; we well know that they have already been well physicked with them of late:

our theatricks shall take up but a small part of our paper ; nor shall they be altogether confined to the stage, but extend, from time to time, to those incorrigible offenders against the peace of society, the stage criticks ; who not unfrequently create the fault they find, in order to yield an opening for their witticisms—censure an actor for a gesture he never made, or an emphasis he never gave ; and in their attempt to show off *new readings*, make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. If any one should feel himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us in return—we shall not wince from the combat. If his passes be successful, we will be the first to cry out, a hit ! a hit ! and we doubt not we shall frequently lay ourselves open to the weapons of our assailants. But let them have a care how they run a tilting with us—they have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pummeling : we will be relentless in our vengeance, and will fight “ till from our bones the flesh be hackt.”

What other objects we shall include in the range of our observations we have not determined, or rather we shall not trouble ourselves to detail. The publick have already more information concerning us than we intended to impart. We owe them no favors, neither do we ask any. We again advise them for their own sakes, to read our papers when they come out. We recommend to all mothers to purchase them for their daughters, who will be taught the true line of propriety, and the most adviseable method of managing their beaux. We advise all daughters to purchase them for the sake of their mothers, who shall be initiated into the arcanæ of the bon-ton, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during the last

century : parents shall be taught how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them.

As we do not measure our wits by the yard or the bushel, and as they do not flow periodically nor constantly, we shall not restrict our paper as to size or the time of its appearance. It will be published whenever we have sufficient matter to constitute a number, and the size of the number shall depend on the stock in hand. This will best suit our negligent habits, and leave us that full liberty and independence which is the joy and pride of our souls. As we have before hinted, that we do not concern ourselves about the pecuniary matters of our paper, we leave its price to be regulated by our publisher ; only recommending him, for his own interest, and the honor of his authors, not to sell their invaluable productions too cheap.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us ?—let him read SALMAGUNDI, and grow wise apace. Thus much we will say—there are three of us, “Bardolph, Peto, and I,” all townsmen good and true ;—many a time, and oft have we three amused the town, without its knowing to whom it was indebted ; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twinkle faintly on our studious phizes, and heard the morning salutation of “past three o’clock,” before we sought our pillows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the publick ; and little as we care for the opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lies in our careless natures, to fulfil the promises made in this introduction ; if we do not, we shall have so many examples to justify us, that we feel little solicitude on that account.

THEATRICKS.

containing the quintessence of modern criticism.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

MACBETH was performed to a very crowded house and much to our satisfaction. As, however, our neighbour TOWN has been very voluminous already in his criticisms on this play, we shall make but few remarks. Having never seen KEMBLE in this character, we are absolutely at a loss to say whether MR. COOPER performed it well or not. We think, however, there was an error in his *costume*, as the learned Linkum Fidelius is of opinion that in the time of Macbeth the scots did not wear scandals, but wooden shoes. Macbeth also was noted for wearing his jacket open, that he might play the scotch fiddle more conveniently—that being an hereditary accomplishment in the Glamis family.

We have seen this character performed in China, by the celebrated *Chow-Chow*, the Roscius of that great empire, who in the dagger scene, always electrified the audience by blowing his nose like a trumpet. Chow-Chow in compliance with the opinion of the sage Linkum Fidelius, performed Macbeth in wooden shoes; this gave him an opportunity of producing great effect, for on first seeing the “air drawn dagger” he always cut a prodigious high caper and kicked his shoes into the pit at the heads of the criticks; whereupon the audience were marvelously delighted, flourished their hands, and

stroked their whiskers three times, and the matter was carefully recorded in the next number of a paper called the *flim flam* (*english—town*)

We were much pleased with MRS. VILLIERS, in lady MACBETH; but we think she would have given a greater effect to the night scene, if instead of holding the candle in her hand, or setting it down on the table, which is sagaciously censured by neighbour Town, she had stuck it in her night-cap. This would have been extremely picturesque, and would have marked more strongly the derangement of her mind.

Mrs. Villiers, however, is not by any means large enough for the character; lady Macbeth having been, in our opinion, a woman of extraordinary size, and of the race of the giants, notwithstanding what she says of her “little hand—” which being said in her sleep passes for nothing. We should be happy to see this character in the hands of the lady who played *Glumdalca*, queen of the giants, in Tom Thumb; she is exactly of imperial dimensions, and provided she is well shaved, of a most interesting physiognomy: as she appears likewise to be a lady of some nerve, I dare engage she will read a letter about witches vanishing in air, and such *common occurrences*, without being unnaturally surprised, to the annoyance of honest “Town.”

We are happy to observe that Mr. Cooper profits by the instructions of friend Town, and does not dip the daggers in blood so deep as formerly by a matter of an inch or two. This was a violent outrage upon our immortal bard. We differ with Mr. Town in his *reading* of the words “this is a *sorry sight*.” We are of opinion the force of the

sentence should be thrown on the word *sight*, because Macbeth having been, shortly before, most confoundedly humbugged with an aërial dagger, was in doubt whether the daggers actually in his hands were real, or whether they were not mere shadows, or as the old english *may* have termed it, *syghtes* (this at any rate will establish our skill in *new readings*.) Though we differ in this respect from our neighbour Town, yet we heartily agree with him in censuring mr. Cooper for omitting that passage so remarkable for “beauty of imagery, &c,” beginning with “and pity like a naked newborn babe, &c.” It is one of those passages of Shakspeare which should always be retained, for the purpose of showing how sometimes that great poet could talk like a buzzard; or to speak more plainly, like the famous mad poet Nat Lee.

As it is the first duty of a friend to advise—and as we profess and do actually feel a friendship for honest “Town,” we warn him, never in his criticisms, to meddle with a lady’s petticoats,” or to quote Nick Bottom. In the first instance he may “catch a tarter;” and in the second, the ass’s head may rise up in judgment against him, and when it is once afloat there is no knowing where some unlucky hand may place it. We would not, for all the money in our pockets, see Town flourishing his critical quill under the auspices of an ass’s head like the great Franklin in his *Monterio Cap*.

NEW-YORK ASSEMBLY.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have arisen from the east, and from the north, to brighten the firmament of fashion: among the number I have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honour with Herchell for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satellites which revolve round it.

At the last assembly the company began to make some show about *eight*, but the most fashionable delayed their appearance until about *nine*—nine being the number of the *muses*, and therefore the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the *graces*. (This is meant for a pretty play upon words, and I assure my readers that I think it very tolerable.)

POOR WILL HONEYCOMB, whose memory, I hold in special consideration, even with his half century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humours of a lady by her prevailing colours: for the “rival queens” of fashion, Mrs. TOOLE and Madame BOUCHARD, appeared to have exhausted their wonderful inventions in the different disposition, variation, and combination of tints and shades. The *philosopher* who maintained that black was white, and that *of course* there was no such colour as white, might have given some colour to his theory on this occasion, by the absence of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains its ground against all other colours, because red is the colour of Mr. Jefferson’s*****Tom Paine’s nose, and my slippers.

Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age; for my part, I was delighted with the magick of the scene, and as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling and glowing and dazzling, I, like the honest chinese, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of by-standers, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being as usual equipt in their appropriate *black uniforms*, constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant gaiety of the ball-room. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend the cockney, MR. 'SBIDLIKENS FLASH, or '*Sbidlikens*, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite verbosity—stands in high favour—with himself, and, like Caleb Quotem, is “up to every thing.” I remember when a comfortable plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow: 'Sbidlikens observed that it reminded him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest pains taking snail, who had once walked six feet in an hour, for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story, to say that the ladies of New-York dance well;—and well may they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quit their swaddling clothes. The immortal DUPORT has usurped despotick sway over all the female heads and heels in this city; hornbooks, primers, and pianoes are neglected to attend to his positions; and poor CHILTON, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the “North river society.” 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the

fashionable price of *five-and-twenty* dollars a quarter, and all the other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money"—but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens' candour in this particular. Among his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often flounders through a cotillion, yet he never cut a pigeon-wing in his life.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts—the public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotillions, holding them to be monstrous distortors of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs which seemed to be flourishing about, without appertaining to any body. After much investigation and difficulty, I at length traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject, and by the most accurate computation I have determined that a frenchman passes at least three fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap bubble. One of these jack-o'lantern heroes, in taking a *figure*, which neither Euclid nor Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his foot—his better part—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top; unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprung up like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished his wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw

when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man, "of woman born," who was nat a frenchman, or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lillies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily exprest, and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of *flesh and blood*. Now could I find it in my heart to baste these cocknies like their own roast-beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance, but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it is beautiful?

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid out with their *usual* splendour and profusion. My friend 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of hungry fair ones who throng the supper-room door: his precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn—no ladies fainted—no noses bled; nor was there any need of the interference of either managers or peace-officers.

(fourth edition)

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. II] *Wednesday, February 4, 1807.*

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

In the conduct of an epick poem, it has been the custom from time immemorial, for the poet occasionally to introduce his reader to an intimate acquaintance with the heroes of his story, by showing him into their tents, and giving him an opportunity of observing them in their night-gown and slippers. However I despise the servile genius that would descend to follow a precedent, though furnished by Homer himself, and consider him as on a par with the cart that follows at the heels of the horse without ever taking the lead; yet at the present moment my whim is opposed to my opinion; and whenever this is the case, my opinion

generally surrenders at discretion. I am determined, therefore, to give the town a peep into our divan ; and I shall repeat it as often as I please, to show that I intend to be sociable.

The other night Will Wizard and Evergreen called upon me, to pass away a few hours in social chat, and hold a kind of council of war. To give a zest to our evening I uncorked a bottle of London particular, which has grown old with myself, and which never fails to excite a smile in the countenances of my old cronies to whom alone it is devoted. After some little time the conversation turned on the effect produced by our first number ; every one had his budget of information, and I assure my readers that we laughed most unceremoniously at their expense ; they will excuse us for our merriment—tis a way we've got. Evergreen, who is equally a favourite and companion of young and old, was particularly satisfactory in his details, and it was highly amusing to hear how different characters were tickled with different passages. The old folk were delighted to find there was a bias in our junto towards the “good old times ;” and he particularly noticed a worthy old gentleman of his acquaintance, who had been somewhat a beau in his day, whose eyes brightened at the bare mention of Kissing-bridge. It recalled to his recollection several of his youthful exploits, at that celebrated pass, on which he seemed to dwell with great pleasure and self-complacency :—he hoped, he said, that the bridge might be preserved for the benefit of posterity and as a monument of the gallantry of their grandfathers ; and even hinted at the expediency of erecting a toll-gate there to collect the forfeits of the ladies. But the most flat-

tering testimony of approbation, which our work has received, was from an old lady who never laughed but once in her life and that was at the conclusion of the last war. She was detected by friend Anthony in the very fact of laughing most obstreperously at the description of the little dancing frenchman. Now it glads my very heart to find our effusions have such a pleasing effect. I venerate the aged, and joy whenever it is in my power to scatter a few flowers in their path.

The young people were particularly interested in the account of the assembly. There was some difference of opinion respecting the *new planet*, and the blooming nymph from the country ; but as to the compliment paid to the fascinating little sylph who danced so gracefully—every lady modestly took that to herself.

Evergreen mentioned also that the young ladies were extremely anxious to learn the true mode of managing their beaux ; and miss DIANA WEARWELL, who is as chaste as an icicle, has seen a few superfluous winters pass over her head, and boasts of having slain her thousands, wished to know how old maids were to do without husbands—not that she was very curious about the matter, she “only asked for information.” Several ladies expressed their earnest desire that we would not spare those *wooden* gentlemen, who perform the parts of *mutes*, or stalking horses, in their drawing rooms ; and their mothers were equally anxious that we should show no quarter to those lads of spirit, who now and then *cut* their bottles to enliven a tea-party with the humours of the dinner-table.

Will Wizard was not a little chagrined at having been mistaken for a gentleman, “who is no more

like me," said Will, "than I like Hercules."—"I was well assured," continued Will, "that as our characters were drawn from nature, the originals would be found in every society. And so it has happened—every little circle has its 'Sbidlikens; and the cockney, intended merely as the representative of his *species*, has dwindled into an insignificant individual, who having recognized his own likeness, has foolishly appropriated to himself a picture for which he never sat. Such too, has been the case with DING-DONG, who has kindly undertaken to be my representative—not that I care much about the matter, for it must be acknowledged that the animal is a good-natured animal enough—and what is more, a fashionable animal—and this is saying more than to call him a *conjuror*. But I am much mistaken if he can claim any affinity to the *Wizard* family.—Surely every body knows Ding-dong, the gentle Ding-dong, who pervades all space, who is here and there and every where; no tea-party can be complete without Ding-dong—and his appearance is sure to occasion a smile.—Ding-dong has been the occasion of much wit in his day; I have even seen many puny whippers attempt to be dull at his expense, who were as much inferior to him as the gad-fly is to the ox that he buzzes about. Does any witling want to distress the company with a miserable pun?—nobody's name presents sooner than Ding-dong's; and it has been played upon with equal skill and equal entertainment to the bye-standers as Trinity bells. Ding-dong is profoundly devoted to the ladies, and highly entitled to their regard; for I know no man who makes a better bow, or talks less to the purpose than Ding-dong. Ding-dong has

acquired a prodigious fund of knowledge, by reading Dilworth when a boy ; and the other day, on being asked who was the author of Macbeth, answered, without the least hesitation—Shakspeare ! Ding-dong has a quotation for every day of the year, and every hour of the day, and every minute of the hour ; but he often commits petty larcenies on the poets—plucks the grey hairs of old Chaucer's head, and claps them on the chin of Pope ; and filches Johnson's wig, to cover the bald pate of Homer ;—but his blunders pass undetected by one half of his hearers. Ding-dong, it is true, though he has long wrangled at our bar, cannot boast much of his legal knowledge, nor does his forensick eloquence entitle him to rank with a Cicero or a Demosthenes ; but bating his professional deficiencies, he is a man of most delectable discourse ; and can hold forth for an hour upon the colour of a ribbon or the construction of a workbag. Ding-dong is now in his fortieth year, or perhaps a little more—rivals all the little beaux in town in his attentions to the ladies—is in a state of rapid improvement ; and there is no doubt but that by the time he arrives at years of discretion, he will be a very accomplished agreeable young fellow.” I advise all clever, good-for-nothing, “ learned and authentick” gentlemen, to take care how they *wear this cap*, however well it fits ; and to bear in mind, that our characters are not individuals, but species : if, after this warning, any person chooses to represent mr. Ding-dong, the sin is at his own door—we wash our hands of it.

We all sympathised with Wizard, that he should be mistaken for a person so very different ; and I hereby assure my readers, that William Wizard is

no other person in the whole world *but* William Wizard : so I beg I may hear no more conjectures on the subject. Will is, in fact, a wiseacre by inheritance. The Wizard family has long been celebrated for knowing more than their neighbours, particularly concerning their neighbours' affairs. They were anciently called JOSSELIN, but Will's great uncle, by the father's side, having been accidentally burnt for a *witch* in Connecticut, in consequence of blowing up his own house in a philosophical experiment, the family, in order to perpetuate the recollection of this memorable circumstance, assumed the name and arms of Wizard and have borne them ever since.

In the course of my customary morning's walk, I stopped in at a book-store, which is noted for being the favourite haunt of a number of literati, some of whom rank high in the opinion of the world, and others rank equally high in their own. Here I found a knot of queer fellows listening to one of their company, who was reading our paper ; I particularly noticed mr. ICHABOD FUNGUS among the number.

Fungus is one of those fidgeting, meddling, quidnuncs with which this unhappy city is pestered : one of your " Q in a corner fellows," who speaks volumes with a wink—conveys most portentous information, by laying his finger beside his nose,—and is always smelling a rat in the most trifling occurrence. He listened to our work with the most frigid gravity—every now and then gave a mysterious shrug—a *humph*—or a screw of the mouth ; and on being asked his opinion at the conclusion, said, he did not know what to think of it ;—he hoped it did not mean any thing against the go-

vernment—that no lurking treason was couched in all this talk. These were dangerous times—times of plot and conspiracy ;—he did not at all like those stars after mr. Jefferson's name—they had an air of concealment. DICK PADDLE, who was one of the group, undertook our cause. Dick is known to the world, as being a most knowing genius, who can see as far as any body—into a millstone ; maintains, in the teeth of all argument, that a spade is a spade ; and will labour a good half hour by St. Paul's clock, to establish a self-evident fact. Dick assured old Fungus, that those stars merely stood for mr. Jefferson's red *what-d'ye-call-'ms* ; and that so far from a conspiracy against their peace and prosperity, the authors, whom he knew very well, were only expressing their high respect for them. The old man shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, gave a mysterious lord Burleigh nod, said he hoped it might be so ; but he was by no means satisfied with this attack upon the president's breeches, as “ *thereby hangs a tale.* ”

MR. WILSON'S CONCERT.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

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In my register of indisputable facts I have noted it conspicuously, that all modern musick is but the mere dregs and drainings of the ancient ; and that all the spirit and vigour of harmony has intirely evaporated in the lapse of ages. Oh ! for the chant of the niades, and the dryades, the shell

of the tritons, and the sweet warblings of the mermaids of ancient days ! where now shall we seek the Amphion, who built walls with a turn of his hurdy-gurdy, the Orpheus, who made stones to whistle about his ears, and trees hop in a country dance, by the mere quavering of his fiddle-stick ! ah ! had I the power of the former, how soon would I build up the new City-Hall, and save the cash and credit of the corporation ; and how much sooner would I build myself a snug house in Broadway—nor would it be the first time a house has been obtained there for a song. In my opinion, the scotch bag-pipe is the only instrument that rivals the ancient lyre ; and I am surprised it should be almost the only one intirely excluded from our concerts.

Talking of concerts reminds me of that given a few nights since by mr. WILSON, at which I had the misfortune of being present. It was attended by a numerous company, and gave great satisfaction, if I may be allowed to judge from the frequent *gapings* of the audience ; though I will not risk my credit as a connoisseur, by saying whether they proceeded from wonder, or a violent inclination to doze. I was delighted to find, in the mazes of the crowd, my particular friend SNIVERS, who had put on his cognoscenti phiz—he being, according to his own account, a profound adept in the science of musick. He can tell a crotchet at first sight, and, like a true englishman, is delighted with the plum-pudding rotundity of a semibreve ; and in short, boasts of having incontinently climbed up Paff's musical tree, which hangs every day upon the poplar, from the fundamental-concord, to the fun-

damental major-discord, and so on from branch to branch, until he reached the very top ; where he sung “ Rule Britannia,” clapped his wings, and then—came down again. Like all true transatlantic judges, he suffers most horribly at our musical entertainments ; and he assures me that what with the confounded scraping, and scratching, and grating of our fiddlers, he thinks the sitting out one of our concerts tantamount to the punishment of that unfortunate saint who was frittered in two with a hand-saw.

The concert was given in the tea-room, at the City-Hotel ; an apartment admirably calculated by its dingy walls, beautifully marbled with smoke, to show off the dresses and complexions of the ladies, and by the flatness of its ceiling to repress those impertinent reverberations of the musick, which, whatever others may foolishly assert, are, as Snivers says, “ no better than repetitions of old stories.”

Mr. Wilson gave me infinite satisfaction by the gentility of his demeanour, and the roguish looks he now and then cast at the ladies ; but we fear his excessive *modesty* threw him into some little confusion, for he absolutely *forgot himself*, and in the whole course of his entrances and exits, never once made his bow to the audience. On the whole, however, I think he has a fine voice, sings with great taste, and is a very *modest* good-looking little man but I beg leave to repeat the advice so often given by the illustrious tenants of the theatrical sky-parlour, to the gentlemen who are charged with the “ nice conduct” of chairs and tables—“ make a bow Johnny——Johnny make a bow !”

I cannot on this occasion, but express my surprise that certain amateurs should be so frequently at concerts, considering what agonies they suffer while a piece of musick is playing. I defy any man of common humanity, and who has not the heart of a Choctow, to contemplate the countenance of one of these unhappy victims of a fiddle-stick, without feeling a sentiment of compassion. His whole visage is distorted ; he rolls up his eyes, as M'Sycophant says, " like a duck in thunder," and the musick seems to operate upon him like a fit of the cholick : his very bowels seem to sympathize at every twang of the cat-gut, as if he heard at that moment the wailings of the helpless animal that had been sacrificed to harmony. Nor does the hero of the orchestra seem less affected : as soon as the signal is given he seizes his fiddle-stick, makes a most horrible grimace, scowls fiercely upon his musick-book, and grins every little trembling crotchet and quaver out of countenance. I have sometimes particularly noticed a hungry looking gaul, who torments a huge bass-viol, and who is doubtless the original of the famous " Raw-head-and bloody-bones," so potent in frightening naughty children.

The person who played the french horn was very excellent in his way, but Snivers could not relish his performance, having sometime since heard a gentleman amateur in Gotham play a solo on his *proboscis*, or nozzle, in a style infinitely superior ;—— Snout, the bellows-mender, never tuned his wind instrument more musically ; nor did the celebrated " knight of the burning lamp," ever yield more exquisite entertainment with his nose ; this gen-

tleman had latterly ceased to exhibit this prodigious accomplishment, having, it was whispered, hired out his snout to a ferryman, who had lost his conch-shell—the consequence was, that he did not *show his nose* in company so frequently as before.

SITTING late the other evening in my elbow-chair, indulging in that kind of indolent meditation, which I consider the perfection of human bliss, I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of an old servant in the COCKLOFT livery, who handed me a letter, containing the following address from my cousin, and old college chum, PINDAR COCKLOFT.

Honest ANDREW as he delivered it, informed me that his master, who resides a little way from town, on reading a small pamphlet in a neat yellow cover, rubbed his hands with symptoms of great satisfaction, called for his favourite chinese ink-stand, with two sprawling mandarins for its supporters, and wrote the letter which he had the honour to present me.

As I foresee my cousin will one day become a great favourite with the publick, and as I know him to be somewhat punctilious as it respects etiquette, I shall take this opportunity to gratify the old gentleman, by giving him a proper introduction to the fashionable world. The Cockloft family, to which I have the comfort of being related, has been fruitful in old bachelors and humourists as will be perceived when I come to treat more of its history.

My cousin Pindar is one of its most conspicuous members—he is now in his fifty-eighth year—is a bachelor; partly through choice and partly through chance, and an oddity of the first water. Half his life has been employed in writing odes, sonnets, epigrams and elegies ; which he seldom shows to any body but myself after they are written ; and all the old chests, drawers, and chair-bottoms in the house, teem with his productions.

In his younger days he figured as a dashing blade in the great world ; and no young fellow of the town wore a longer pig-tail, or carried more buckram in his skirts. From sixteen to thirty he was continually in love ; and during that period, to use his own words, he be-scribbled more paper than would serve the theatre for snow-storms a whole season. The evening of his thirtieth birth-day as he sat by the fire-side, as much in love as ever was man in this world, and writing the name of his mistress in the ashes, with an old tongs that had lost one of its legs, he was seized with a whim-wham that he was an old fool to be in love at his time of life. It was ever one of the Cockloft characteristics to *strike* to whim, and had Pindar stood out on this occasion he would have brought the reputation of his mother in question. From that time he gave up all particular attentions to the ladies, and, though he still loves their company, he has never been known to exceed the bounds of common courtesy in his intercourse with them. He was the life and ornament of our family circle in town, until the epoch of the french revolution, which sent so many *unfortunate* dancing-masters from their country to polish and enlighten our hemisphere. This was a sad time for Pindar, who had

taken a genuine Cockloft prejudice against every thing french, ever since he was brought to death's door by a *ragout* : he groaned at Ca Ira, and the Marseilles Hymn had much the same effect upon him, that sharpening a knife on a dry whetstone has upon some people—it set his teeth chattering. He might in time have been reconciled to these rubs, had not the introduction of french cockades on the hats of our citizens absolutely thrown him into a fever : the first time he saw an instance of this kind, he came home with great precipitation, packed up his trunk, his old-fashioned writing-desk, and his chinese ink-stand, and made a kind of growling retreat to Cockloft Hall ; where he has resided ever since.

My cousin Pindar is of a mercurial disposition—a humourist without ill-nature—he is of the true gun-powder temper—one flash and all is over. It is true, when the wind is easterly, or the gout gives him a gentle twinge, or he hears of any new successes of the french, he will become a little splenetick ; and heaven help the man, and more particularly the woman, that crosses his humour at that moment—she is sure to receive no quarter. These are the most sublime moments of Pindar. I swear to you, dear ladies and gentlemen, I would not lose one of these splenetick bursts for the best wig in my wardrobe ; even though it were proved to be the identical wig worn by the sage Linkum Fidelius, when he demonstrated before the whole university of Leyden that it *was* possible to make bricks without straw. I have seen the old gentleman blaze forth such a volcanick explosion of wit, ridicule, and satire, that I was almost tempted to believe him inspired. But these sallies only lasted far a moment,

and passed like summer clouds over the benevolent sunshine which ever warmed his heart, and lighted up his countenance.

Time, though it has dealt lightly with his person, has passed roughly over the graces of his mind and left him in full possession of all the sensibilities of youth. His eye kindles at the relation of a noble or generous action, his heart melts at the story of distress, and he is still a warm admirer of the fair. Like all *old bachelors*, however, he looks back with a fond and lingering eye on the period of his *boyhood*, and would sooner suffer the pangs of matrimony, than acknowledge that the world or any thing in it, is half so clever as it was in those good old times that are "gone by."

I believe I have already mentioned, that with all his good qualities he is a humourist, and a humourist of the highest order. He has some of the most intolerable whim-whams I ever met with in my life, and his oddities are sufficient to eke out a hundred tolerable originals. But I will not enlarge on them—enough has been told to excite a desire to know more, and I am much mistaken, if in the course of half a dozen of our numbers, he dont tickle, plague, please and perplex the whole town, and completely establish his claim to the laureatship he has solicited, and with which we hereby invest him, recommending him and his effusions to publick reverence and respect.

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

DEAR LAUNCE,

As I find you have taken the quill,
To put our gay town and its fair under drill,
I offer my hopes for success to your cause,
And send you unvarnish'd my mite of applause.

Ah, Launce, this poor town has been woefully *fash'd* ;
Has long been be-frenchman'd, be-cockney'd, be-trash'd ;
And our ladies be-devil'd, bewilder'd astray,
From the rules of their grandames have wander'd away.
No longer that modest demeanour we meet,
Which whilom the eyes of our fathers did greet ;—
No longer be-mobbled, be-ruffled, be-quill'd,
Be-powder'd, be-hooded, be-patch'd, and be-frill'd ;—
No longer our fair ones their grograms display,
And stiff in brocade, strut “ like castles ” away.

Oh, how fondly my soul *forms departed* has traced,
When our ladies in stays and in boddice well laced,
When bishop'd, and cushion'd and hoop'd to the chin,
Well calash'd without, and well bolster'd within ;
All cased in their buckrams, from crown down to tail,
Like O'Brallagan's mistress, were shaped like a pail.

Well—peace to those fashions—the joy of *our* eyes—
Tempora mutantur,—new follies will rise ;
Yet, “ like joys that are past,” they still crowd on the mind,
In moments of thought, as the soul looks behind.

Sweet days of our boyhood, gone by, my dear Launce,
Like the shadows of night, or the forms in a trance :
Yet oft we retrace those bright visions again,
Nos mutamur, tis true—but those visions remain.
I recal with delight, how my bosom would creep,
When some delicate foot from its chamber would peep ;
And when I a neat stocking'd ankle could spy,
—By the sages of old, I was rapt to the sky !
All then was retiring—was modest—discreet ;
The beauties, all shrouded, were left to conceit ;
To the visions which fancy would form in her eye,
Of graces that snug in soft ambush would lie.

And the heart, like the poets, in thought would pursue
The elysium of bliss, which was veil'd from its view.

We are *old-fashion'd* fellows, our nieces all say :
Old-fashion'd, indeed, coz—and swear it they may ;
For I freely confess that it yields me no pride,
To see them all blaze what their mothers would hide ;
To see them, all shivering, some cold winter's day,
So lavish their beauties and graces display,
And give to each fopling that offers his hand,
Like Moses from Pisgah—a peep at the land.

But a truce with complaining :—the object in view,
Is to offer my help in the work you pursue ;
And as your effusions and labours sublime,
May need, now and then, a few touches of rhyme,
I humbly solicit, as cousin and friend,
A quiddity, quirk, or remonstrance to send :
Or should you a laureat want in your plan,
By the muff of my grandmother, I am your man !
You must know I have got a *poetical mill*,
Which with odd lines, and couplets, and triplets I fill ;
And a poem I grind, as from rags white and blue
The paper-mill yields you a sheet fair and new.
I can grind down an ode, or an epick that's long,
Into sonnet, acrostick, conundrum or song :
As to dull budibrastick, so boasted of late,
The doggerel discharge of some muddle-brain'd pate,
I can grind it by wholesale—and give it its point,
With billingsgate dish'd up in rhymes out of joint.

I have read all the poets—and got them by heart,
Can slit them, and twist them, and take them apart ;
Can cook up an ode out of patches and shreds,
To muddle my readers, and bother their heads.
Old Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid I scan,
Anacreon and Sappho, (who changed to a swan ;)
Iambicks and sapphicks I grind at my will,
And with ditties of love every noddle can fill.

Oh, twould do your heart good, Launce, to see my mill
grind
Old stuff into verses, and poems refined ;—

Dan Spencer, Dan Chaucer, those poets of old,
Though cover'd with dust, are yet true sterling gold,
I can grind off their tarnish, and bring them to view,
New-modell'd, new-mill'd, and improved in their hue.

But I promise no more—only give me the place,
And I'll warrant I'll fill it with credit and grace;
By the living! I'll figure and cut you a dash
—As bold as Will Wizard, or 'SBIDLIKENS FLASH.

PINDAR COCKLOFT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Perhaps the most fruitful source of mortification to a merry writer, who, for the amusement of himself and the publick, employs his leisure in sketching odd characters from imagination, is, that he cannot flourish his pen, but every jack-pudding imagines it is pointed directly at himself:—he cannot, in his gambols, throw a fool's cap among the crowd, but every queer fellow insists upon putting it on his own head; or chalk an outlandish figure, but every outlandish genius is eager to write his own name under it. However we may be mortified, that these men should each individually think himself of sufficient consequence to engage our attention, we should not care a rush about it, if they did not get in a passion and complain of being ill-used.

It is not in our hearts to hurt the feelings of one single mortal, by holding him up to publick ridicule; and if it were we lay it down as one of our indisputable facts, that no man can be made ridiculous but by his own folly. As, however, we are aware that when a man by chance gets a thwack in the crowd, he is apt to suppose the blow was intended exclusively for himself and so fall into unreasonable anger, we have determined to let these crusty gentry know what kind of satisfaction they are to expect from us. We are resolved not to fight, for three special reasons; first, because fighting is at all events ex-

tremely troublesome and inconvenient, particularly at this season of the year: second, because if either of us should happen to be killed, it would be a great loss to the publick, and rob them of many a good laugh we have in store for their amusement; and third, because if we should chance to kill our adversary, as is most likely, for we can every one of us split balls upon razors and snuff candles, it would be a loss to our publisher by depriving him of a good customer. If any gentleman ca-suist will give three as good reasons *for* fighting, we promise him a complete set of Salmagundi for nothing.

But though we do not fight in our own proper persons, let it not be supposed that we will not give ample satisfaction to all those who may choose to demand it—for this would be a mistake of the first magnitude, and lead very valiant gentlemen perhaps into what is called a *quandary*. It would be a thousand and one pities that any honest man, after taking to himself the cap and bells which we *merely* offered to his acceptance, should not have the privilege of being cudgeled into the bargain. We pride ourselves upon giving satisfaction in every department of our paper; and to fill that of fighting have engaged two of those strapping heroes of the theatre, who figure in the retinue of our ginger-bread kings and queens—now hurry an old stuff petticoat on their backs, and strut senators of Rome, or aldermen of London—and now be-whisker their muffin faces with burnt cork, and swagger right valiant warriors, armed cap-a-pee, in buckram. Should, therefore, any great little man about town, take offence at our good-natured villany, though we intend to offend nobody under heaven, he will please to apply at any hour after twelve o'clock, as our champions will then be off duty at the theatre, and ready for any thing. They have promised to fight “with or without balls”—to give two tweaks of the nose for one—to submit to be kicked, and to cudgel their applicant most heartily in return;—this being what we understand by “the *satisfaction of a gentleman*.”

(fourth edition)

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO 3] *Friday February 13 1807* [VOL I.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

As I delight in every thing novel and eccentric, and would at any time give an old coat for a new idea, I am particularly attentive to the manners and conversation of strangers; and scarcely ever a traveller enters this city whose appearance promises any thing original, but by some means or another, I form an acquaintance with him. I must confess I often suffer manifold afflictions from the intimacies thus contracted: my curiosity is frequently punished by the stupid details of a blockhead, or the shallow verbosity of a coxcomb. Now I would prefer at any time to travel with an ox-team through a Carolina sand-flat, rather than plod through a heavy unmeaning conversation with the former; and as to the latter, I would sooner hold sweet converse with the wheel of a knife-grinder, than endure his monotonous chattering. In fact the strangers who flock to this most pleasant of all earthly cities are generally mere birds of passage,

whose plumage is often gay enough, I own, but their notes, "heaven save the mark," are as unmusical as those of that classick night bird, which the ancients humourously selected as the emblem of wisdom. Those from the south, it is true, entertain me with their horses, equipages, and puns; and it is excessively pleasant to hear a couple of these *four in hand* gentlemen detail their exploits over a bottle. Those from the east have often induced me to doubt the existence of the wise men of yore, who are said to have flourished in that quarter; and as for those from parts beyond seas—on! my masters, ye shall hear more from me anon. Heaven help this unhappy town!—hath it not goslings enow of its own hatching and rearing, that it must be overwhelmed by such an inundation of ganders from other climes? I would not have any of my courteous and gentle readers suppose that I am running *a muck*, full tilt, cut and slash upon all foreigners indiscriminately. I have no national antipathies, though related to the Cock-loft family. As to honest John Bull I shake him heartily by the hand, assuring him, that I love his jolly countenance, and moreover am lineally descended from him; in proof of which I allege my invincible predilection for roast beef and pudding. I therefore look upon all his children as my kinsmen; and I beg when I tickle a cockney I may not be understood as trimming an englishman—they being very distinct animals, as I shall clearly demonstrate in a future number. If any one wishes to know my opinion of the irish and scotch, he may find it in the characters of those two nations, drawn by the first advocate of the age. But the french, I must confess, are my favourites, and I have taken

more pains to argue my cousin Pindar out of his antipathy to them, than I ever did about any other thing. When, therefore, I choose to hunt a monsieur for my own particular amusement, I beg it may not be asserted that I intend him as a representative of his countrymen at large. Far from this—I love the nation, as being a nation of right merry fellows, possessing the true secret of being happy; which is nothing more than thinking of nothing, talking about any thing, and laughing at every thing. I mean only to tune up those little thing-o-mies, who represent nobody but themselves; who have no national trait about them but their language, and who hop about our town in swarms like little toads after a shower.

Among the few strangers whose acquaintance has entertained me, I particularly rank the magnanimous MUSTAPHA RUE-A-DUB KELI KHAN, a most illustrious captain of a ketch, who figured some time since in our fashionable circles, at the head of a ragged regiment of tripolitan prisoners. His conversation was to me a perpetual feast—I chuckled with inward pleasure at his whimsical mistakes and unaffected observations on men and manners; and I rolled each odd conceit “like a sweet morsel under my tongue.”

Whether Mustapha was captivated by my iron-bound physiognomy, or flattered by the attentions which I paid him, I won't determine; but I so far gained his confidence, that at his departure he presented me with a bundle of papers, containing, among other articles, several copies of letters, which he had written to his friends at Tripoli. The following is a translation of one of them. The original is in arabick-greek, but by the assistance of Will Wizard, who understands all languages, not

excepting that manufactured by Psalmanazar, I have been enabled to accomplish a tolerable translation. We should have found little difficulty in rendering it into english, had it not been for Mustapha's confounded pot-hooks and trammels.

LETTER

from MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, captain of a ketch, to ASEM HACCHEM, principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

Thou wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomet, that I have for some time resided in New-York, the most polished, vast, and magnificent city of the United States of America. But what to me are its delights! I wander a captive through its splendid streets, I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The christian husbands here lament most bitterly any short absence from home, though they leave but one wife behind to lament their departure—what then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman, while thus lingering at an immeasurable distance from three-and-twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli! Oh Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives, who beam on his memory, beautiful as the rosy morn of the east and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh most puissant slave-driver, as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms and neck, (*et cætera*) whose habiliments are too scanty to protect them either from the inclemency of the seasons, or the scruti-

nizing glances of the curious, and who, it would seem, belong to nobody, are lovely as the Houris that people the elysium of true believers. If then such as run wild in the highways and whom no one cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous; what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglioes, and never permitted to go abroad! surely the region of beauty, the valley of the graces can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But, notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it, Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise (or doctor as he is here called) that at least one fifth part of them—have souls! incredible as it may seem to thee. I am the more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity, from my own little experience, and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceeding good-looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my very whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of the women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these I suppose are married and kept close, for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutred; others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear!—yea! by the beard of the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once in his life—they actually swear!

Get thee to the mosque, good Asem! return

thanks to our most holy prophet that he has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true mussulmen, and has given them wives with no more souls than cats and dogs, and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt doubtless be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the directions of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honour to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch; they were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat, I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us that this was the customary manner in which great men were honoured in this country; and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subjected to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in arabick-greek, which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats, and so forth, that was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not as yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politicks of this country. I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated and seemingly contradictory nature.

This empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of President. He is chosen by persons, who are chosen by an assembly, elected by the people—hence the mob is called the *sovereign people*—and the country *free*; the body politic, doubtless, resembling a vessel that is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman—something they say of a humourist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles; he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by wearing red breeches and tying his horse to a post. The people of the United States have assured me that they themselves are the most enlightened nation under the sun, but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert, who assemble at the summer solstice, to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary, in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast;—which of them have the superior claim, I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of surprise, that the men of this country do not seem in haste to accommodate themselves even with the *single* wife, which alone the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their absolutely having no female *mutes* among them. Thou knowest how invaluable are these silent companions;—what a price is given for them in the east, and what entertaining wives they make. What delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their signs and gestures! but a wife possessed both of a tongue and a soul—monstrous! monstrous! is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from

a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

Thou hast doubtless read, in the works of Abul Faraj the arabian historian, the tradition which mentions that the muses were once upon the point of falling together by the ears about the admission of a *tenth* among their number, until she assured them, by signs, that she was dumb; whereupon they received her with great rejoicing. I should, perhaps, inform thee that there are but *nine* christian muses, who were formerly pagans, but have since been converted, and that in this country we never hear of a tenth, unless some crazy poet wishes to pay an hyperbolical compliment to his mistress; on which occasion it goes hard but she figures as a tenth muse, or fourth grace, even though she should be more illiterate than a hotten-tot, and more ungraceful than a dancing-bear! since my arrival in this country, I have met with not less than a hundred of these supernumerary muses and graces—and may Allah preserve me from ever meeting with any more!

When I have studied this people more profoundly, I will write thee again; in the mean time watch over my household, and do not beat my beloved wives, unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. 'Tho' far distant, and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine:—think not, oh friend of my soul, that the splendours of this luxurious capitol, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous mosques, and the beautiful females who run wild in herds about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five-and-twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at

length, in a good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden. MUSTAPHA.

FASHIONS,

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The following article is furnished me by a young lady of unquestionable taste, and who is the oracle of fashion and frippery. Being deeply initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet, she has promised me, from time to time, a similar detail.

Mrs. TOOLE has for some time reigned unrivalled in the fashionable world, and had the supreme direction of caps, bonnets, feathers, flowers and tinsel. She has dressed and undressed our ladies just as she pleased; now loading them with velvet and wadding, now turning them adrift upon the world, to run shivering through the streets with scarcely a covering to their——backs; and now obliging them to drag a long train at their heels, like the tail of a paper kite. Her despotick sway, however, threatens to be limited. A dangerous rival has sprung up in the person of MADAME BOUCHARD, an intrepid little woman, fresh from the head-quarters of fashion and folly, and who has burst like a second Bonaparte upon the fashionable world. Mrs. Toole, notwithstanding, seems determined to dispute her ground bravely for the honour of old England. The ladies have begun to arrange themselves under the banner of one or other of these heroines of the needle, and every thing portends open war; madame Bouchard marches gallantly to the field, flourishing a flaming red robe for a standard, “flourishing the skies;” and Mrs. Toole, no ways dismay-

ed, sallies out under cover of a forest of artificial flowers, like Malcolm's host. Both parties possess great merit, and both deserve the victory. Mrs. Toole charges the highest, but madame Bouchard makes the lowest curtsey. Madame Bouchard is a little short lady—nor is there any hope of her growing larger; but then she is perfectly genteel—and so is Mrs. Toole. Mrs. Toole lives in Broadway, and madame Bouchard in Courtlandt-street; but madame atones for the inferiority of her *stand*, by making two curtseys to Mrs. Toole's one, and talking french like an angel. Mrs. Toole is the best looking—but madame Bouchard wears a most bewitching little scrubby wig.—Mrs. Toole is the tallest—but madame Bouchard has the longest nose.—Mrs. Toole is fond of roast beef—but madame is loyal in her adherence to onions: in short, so equally are the merits of the two ladies balanced, that there is no judging which will “kick the beam.” It however seems to be the prevailing opinion, that madame Bouchard will carry the day, because she wears a wig, has a long nose, talks french, loves onions, and does not charge above ten times as much for a thing as it is worth.



Under the direction of these High Priestesses of the beau monde, the following is the fashionable morning dress for walking.

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown, or frock is most advisable, because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. JOHN FROST, nose-painter-general, of the colour of cas-

tile-soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds and make a lady look interesting—(*i. e. grizzly.*) Picnick silk stockings with lace clocks, flesh-coloured are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionable coloured mud that can be found: the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show — the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone colour, thrown over one shoulder like an indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy, over the shoulders would do just as well. This is called being dressed *à la drabble*.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown—a yellowish, whitish, smokish, dirty-coloured shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the “Cinderella-dress”

The recipe for a full dress, is as follows: take of spider-net, crape, satin, gymp, cat-gut, gauze, whalebone, lace, bobbin, ribbons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village-church; to these, add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let mrs. Toole, or madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another,

dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, and tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress, which hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called *Rag Fair*.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura Columbas. JUV.

*A, was an archer and shot at a frog,
But missing his aim shot into a bog.*

LINK FID. vol. ciii. chap. clv.

One of the greatest sources of amusement incident to our humourous knight errantry, is to ramble about and hear the various conjectures of the town respecting our worships, whom every body pretends to know as well as Falstaff did prince Hal at Gads-hill. We have sometimes seen a sapient, sleepy fellow, on being tickled with a straw, make a furious effort, and fancy he had fairly caught a gnat in his grasp; so, that many-headed monster, the publick, who with all its heads, is we fear sadly off for brains, has after long hovering, come souse down, like a king fisher, on the authors of Salmagundi, and caught them as certainly as the aforesaid honest fellow caught the gnat.

Would that we were rich enough to give every one of our numerous readers a cent, as a reward for their ingenuity! not that they have really conjectured within a thousand leagues of the truth, but that we consider it a great stretch of ingenuity even to have guessed wrong—and that we hold ourselves much obliged to them for having taken the trouble to guess at all.

One of the most tickling, dear, mischievous pleasures of this life is to laugh in one's sleeve—to sit snug in a corner, unnoticed and unknown, and hear the wise men of Gotham, who are profound judges (of horse-flesh,) pronounce from the style of our work, who are the authors. This listening incog. and receiving a hearty praising over another man's back, is a situation so celes-

tially whimsical, that we have done little else than laugh in our sleeve ever since our first number was published.

The town has at length allayed the titulations of curiosity, by fixing on two young gentlemen of literary talents—that is to say, they are equal to the composition of a newspaper squib, a hodge-podge criticism, or some such trifle, and may occasionally raise a smile by their effusions; but pardon us, sweet sirs, if we modestly doubt your capability of supporting the atlean burthen of Salmagundi, or of keeping up a laugh for a whole fortnight, as we have done and intend to do, until the whole town becomes a community of laughing philosophers like ourselves. We have no intention, however, of undervaluing the abilities of these two young men whom we verily believe, according to common acceptation, young men of *promise*.

Were we ill-natured, we might publish something that would get our representatives into difficulties; but far be it from us to do any thing to the injury of persons to whom we are under such obligations. While they stand before us, we, like little Teucer, behind the seven-fold shield of Ajax, can launch unseen our sportive arrows, which we trust will never inflict a wound unless, like his they fly “heaven directed,” to some conscious struck bosom.

Another marvellous great source of pleasure to us, is the abuse our work has received from several wooden gentlemen, whose censures we covet more than ever we did any thing in our lives. The moment we declared open war against folly and stupidity, we expected to receive no quarter and to provoke a confederacy of all the blockheads in town. For it is one of our indisputable facts that so sure as you catch a gander by the tail, the whole flock, geese, goslings, one and all, have a fellow-feeling on the occasion, and begin to cackle and hiss like so many devils bewitched. As we have a profound respect for these ancient and respectable birds, on the score of their once saving the capitol, we hereby declare, that we mean no offence whatever by comparing them to the

aforesaid confederacy We have heard in our walks such criticisms on Salmagundi as almost induced a belief that folly had here, as in the east, her moments of inspired idiotism. Every silly royster has, as if by an instinctive sense of anticipated danger, joined in the cry, and condemned us without mercy All is thus as it should be. It would have mortified us very sensibly had we been disappointed in this particular, as we should then have been apprehensive that our shafts had fallen to the ground, innocent of the "blood or brains" of a single numskull. Our efforts have been crowned with wonderful success. All the queer fish, the grubs, the flats, the noddies, and the live oak and timber gentlemen, are pointing their empty guns at us; and we are threatened with a most puissant confederacy of the "pigmies and cranes," and other "light militia," backed by the heavy armed artillery of dulness and stupidity. The veriest dreams of our most sanguine moments are thus realized. We have no fear of the censures of the wise, the good, or the fair; for they will ever be sacred from our attacks. We reverence the wise, love the good, and adore the fair; we declare ourselves champions in their cause—in the cause of morality—and we throw our gauntlet to all the world besides.

While we profess and feel the same indifference to publick applause as at first, we most earnestly invite the attacks and censures of all the wooden warriors of this sensible city, and especially of that distinguished and learned body, heretofore celebrated under the appellation of "The North-river Society." The thrice valiant and renowned Don Quixotte, never made such work amongst the wood clad warriors of Tropoban, or the puppets of the itinerant showman, as we promise to make amongst these fine fellows; and we pledge ourselves to the publick in general, and the Albany skip-pers in particular, that the North-river shall not be set on fire this winter at least, for we shall give the authors of that nefarious scheme, ample employment for some time to come.

“———How now, mooncalf!”

We have been congratulating ourselves exceedingly on having at length attracted the notice of a ponde-rous genius of this city, Dr. Christopher Costive, L. L. D. &c. who has spoken of us in such a manner that we are ten times better pleased than ever we were before. It shall never be said of us, that we have been out-done in the way of complimenting, and we therefore assure Dr. Christopher Costive that, for a Yankee-doodle song about “Sister Tabitha,” “our cow,” and “dandy,” and “sugar candy,” and all these jokes of truly *eastern saltiness*, we know no man more “cute” than himself.

If Dr. Costive should find fault with having nothing but whipt syllabub from us, we promise him that, if circumstances render it necessary, we will occasionally give it a little variety by whipping him up in it as completely as ever a dish of ass’s milk was whipt up in this world. Our friend seems rather vociferous in his demand for a dish of “flummery,” and as such a dish is not in our bill of fare, we immediately requested our publisher to procure us one that would suit our friend’s appetite. He has brought us “Democracy Unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of the garb of Patriotism,” by Christopher Costive, L. L. D. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. We can now promise our friend to serve him up a plentiful dish of flummery from his own shop, whenever he thinks fit to demand it, and garnished with a little Salmagundi for sauce. We hope he will not behave like his prototype, Dr. Lampedo, and gag at his own “patent draught.”

Our respected friend appears a little worried that we do not write for money. Now this looks ill of Dr. Costive—not that we thereby mean to insinuate that Dr. Costive is an ill-looking personage: on the contrary, we think him a great poet, a very great poet, the greatest poet of the age, and, considering the excessive gravity of his person, we are the more astonished at the sa-

lime flights of his fat fancy. To convince him that we are disposed to befriend him, all in our power, we take this opportunity to inform our numerour readers that there *is* such a man as Dr. Christopher Costive, and that he publishes a *weakly* paper, called the "Weekly Inspector," some where in this city; and that he writes *for money*. We, therefore, advise "every body, man, woman, and child, that can read, or get any body to read for them, to purchase *his* paper," where they will find the true "bubble and squeak," and "topsy-turvy," which Dr. Costive will at any time exchange *for money*.

Upon the whole, we consider him a very modest, decent, good looking *big* man, who writes *for money*; being but "half a fish and half a monster."

PROCLAMATION,

from the Mill of Pindar Cockloft, esq.

To all the young belles who enliven our scene,
 From ripe five and forty, to blooming fifteen;
 Who racket at routs, and who rattle at plays,
 Who visit, and fidget, and dance out their days:
 Who conquer all hearts, with a shot from the eye,
 Who freeze with a frown, and who thaw with a sigh:—
 To all those bright youths who embellish the age,
 Whether young boys, or old boys, or unmskull or sage:
 Whether DULL DOGS, who cringe at their mistress' feet,
 Who sigh and who whine, and who try to look sweet;
 Whether TOUGH DOGS, who squat down stock still in a
 And play wooden gentlemen stuck up for show; frow,
 Or SAD DOGS, who glory in *running their rigs*,
 Now dash in their sleighs, and now whirl in their gigs;
 Who riot at Dyde's on imperial champaign,
 And then scour our city—the peace to maintain;
 To whoe'er it concerns or may happen to meet,
 By these presents their worships I lovingly greet.

NOW KNOW YE, that I PINDAR COCKLOFT, esquire,
Am Laureat appointed at special desire ;
A censor, self dubb'd to admonish the fair,
And tenderly take the town under my care.

I'm a ci-devant beau, cousin Launcelot has said—
A remnant of habits long vanish'd and dead :
But still, though my heart dwells with rapture sublime,
On the fashions and customs which reign'd in my prime,
I yet can perceive—and still candidly praise,
Some maxims and manners of these ‘ latter days ;’
Still own that some wisdom and beauty appears,
Though almost entomb'd in the rubbish of years.

No fierce nor tyrannical cynick am I,
Who frown on each foible I chance to espy ;
Who pounce on a novelty, just like a kite,
And tear up a victim through malice or spite :
Who expose to the scoffs of an ill-natured crew,
A trembler for starting a whim that is new.
No, no— I shall cautiously hold up my glass,
To the sweet little blossoms who heedlessly pass ;
My remarks not too pointed to wound or offend,
Nor so vague as to miss their benevolent end :
Each innocent fashion shall have its full sway ;
New modes shall arise to astonish Broadway ;
Red hats and red shawls still illumine the town,
And each belle like a bon-fire blaze up and down.

Fair spirits, who brighten the gloom of our days,
Who cheer this dull scene with your heavenly rays,
No mortal can love you more firmly and true,
From the crown of the head, to the sole of your shoe.
I'm old fashion'd, tis true—but still runs in my heart
That affectionate stream, to which youth gave the start :
More calm in its current—yet potent in force ;
Less ruffled by gales—but still stedfast in course.
Though the lover, enraptured, no longer appears—
Tis the guide and the guardian enlightened by years.
All ripen'd, and mellow'd, and soften'd by time,
The asperities polish'd which chafed in my prime ;
I am fully prepared for that delicate end,
The fair one's instructor, companion and friend.

—And should I perceive you in fashion's gay dance,
 Allured by the frippery mongers of France,
 Expose your weak frames to a chill wintry sky;
 To be nipp'd by its frosts, to be torn from the eye;
 My soft admonitions shall fall on your ear,
 Shall whisper those parents to whom you are dear—
 Shall warn you of hazards you heedlessly run,
 And sing of those fair ones whom *Frost* has undone;—
 Bright suns, that would scarce on our horizon dawn,
 Ere *shrowded* from sight, they were early withdrawn:
 Gay sylphs, who have floated in circles below,
 As pure in their souls, and as transient as snow;
 Sweet roses, that bloom'd and decay'd to my eye,
 And of forms that have flitted and pass'd to the sky.

But as to those brainless pert bloods of our town,
 Those sprigs of the ton who run decency down;
 Who lounge and who lout, and who booby about,
 No knowledge within, and no manners without;
 Who stare at each beauty with insolent eyes;
 Who rail at those morals their fathers would prize;
 Who are loud at the play—and who impiously dare
 To come in their cups to the routs of the fair;
 I shall hold up my mirror to let them survey
 The figures they cut as they dash it away:
 Should my good humoured verse no amendment produce,
 Like scare crows, at least, they shall still be of use;
 I shall stitch them in effigy up in my rhyme,
 And hold them aloft through the progress of time,
 As figures of fun to make the folks laugh,
 Like that b——h of an angel erected by Paff,
 “What shtops,” as he says, “all de people what come:
 “What smiles on dem all, and what peats on de trum.”

(third edition)

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum.

Psalmazar.

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO 4] Tuesday, February 24 1807. [VOL. I.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

Perhaps there is no class of men to which the curious and literary are more indebted than travellers---I mean travel-mongers, who write whole volumes about themselves, their horses and their servants, interspersed with anecdotes of inn-keepers, droll sayings of stage-drivers, and interesting memoirs of the lord knows who. They will give you a full account of a city, its manners, customs, and manufactures, though perhaps all their knowledge of it was obtained by a peep from their inn-windows, and an interesting conversation with the landlord or the waiter. America has had its share of these buzzards; and in the name of my countrymen I return them profound thanks for the compliments they have lavished upon us, and the variety

of particulars concerning our own country, which we should never have discovered without their assistance.

Influenced by such sentiments I am delighted to find that the Cockloft family, among its other whimsical and monstrous productions, is about to be enriched with a genuine travel-writer. This is no less a personage than MR. JEREMY COCKLOFT, the only son and darling pride of my cousin mr. Christopher Cockloft. I should have said Jeremy Cockloft *the younger*, as he so styles himself, by way of distinguishing himself from *Il Signore Jeremo Cockloftico*, a gouty old gentleman who flourished about the time that Pliny the elder was smoked to death with the fire and brimstone of Vesuvius, and whose travels, if he ever wrote any, are now lost forever to the world. Jeremy is at present in his one-and-twentieth year, and a young fellow of wonderful quick parts, if you will trust to the word of his father, who, having begotten him, should be the best judge of the matter. He is the oracle of the family, dictates to his sisters on every occasion, though they are some dozen or more years older than himself---and never did son give mother better advice than Jeremy.

As old Cockloft was determined his son should be both a scholar and a gentleman, he took great pains with his education, which was completed at our university, where he became exceedingly expert in quizzing his teachers and playing billiards. No student made better squibs and crackers to blow up the chemical professor; no one chalked more ludicrous caricatures on the walls of the college; and none were more adroit in shaving pigs and climbing lightning-roads. He moreover learned

all the letters of the greek alphabet, could demonstrate that water never "of its own accord" rose above the level of its source, and that air was certainly the principal of life, for he had been entertained with the humane experiment of a rat worried to death in an air-pump. He once shook down the ash-house by an artificial earthquake, and nearly blew his sister Barbara and her cat out of the window with thundering powder. He likewise boasts exceedingly of being thoroughly acquainted with the composition of lacedemonian black broth, and once made a pot of it which had well nigh poisoned the whole family, and actually threw the cook-maid into convulsions. But, above all, he values himself upon his logick, has the old college conundrum of the cat with three tails at his fingers' ends, and often hampers his father with his syllogisms, to the great delight of the old gentleman, who considers the major, minor, and conclusion, as almost equal in argument to the pulley, the wedge, and the lever in mechanicks. In fact, my cousin Cockloft was once nearly annihilated with astonishment, on hearing Jeremy trace the derivation of Mango from Jeremiah King---as Jerennah King, Jerry King ! Jerkin, Girkin ! Cucumber, Mango ! In short, had Jeremy been a student at Oxford or Cambridge, he would, in all probability, have been promoted to the dignity of a *senior wrangler*. By this sketch, I mean no disparagement to the abilities of other students of our college, for I have no doubt that every commencement ushers into society luminaries full as brilliant as *Jeremy Cockloft, the younger*.

Having made a very pretty speech on graduating, to a numerous assemblage of old folk and

young ladies, who all declared that he was a very fine young man, and made very handsome gestures, Jeremy was seized with a great desire to see, or rather to be seen by the world; and as his father was anxious to give him every possible advantage, it was determined Jeremy should visit foreign parts. In consequence of this resolution, he has spent a matter of three or four months in visiting strange places, and in the course of his travels has tarried some few days at the splendid metropolis' of Albany and Philadelphia.

Jeremy has travelled as every modern man of sense should do, that is, he judges of things by the sample next at hand---if he has ever any doubt on a subject, always decides against the city where he happens to sojourn, and invariably takes *home* as the standard by which to direct his judgment.

Going into his room the other day, when he happened to be absent, I found a manuscript volume laying on his table, and was overjoyed to find it contained notes and hints for a book of travels, which he intends publishing. He seems to have taken a late fashionable *travel-monger* for his model, and I have no doubt his work will be equally instructive and amusing with that of his prototype. The following are some extracts, which may not prove uninteresting to my readers.

MEMORANDUMS

For a Tour, to be entitled

“THE STRANGER IN NEW-JERSEY;
OR, COCKNEY TRAVELLING.”

.....

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT, *the younger.*

CHAPTER I.

THE man in the moon*—preparations for departure—hints to travellers about packing their trunks†—straps, buckles and bed-cords—case of pistols. *a la cockney*—five trunks—three bandboxes—a cocked hat,—and a medicine chest, *a la francaise*—parting advice of my two sisters—quere, why old maids are so particular in their cautions against naughty women—Description of Powles-Hook ferry-boats—might be converted into gun boats and defend our port equally well with Albany sloops—BROM, the black ferryman—Charon—river Styx—ghosts—major Hunt—good story—ferryage nine-pence—city of Harsimus—built on the spot where the folk once danced on their stumps, while the devil fiddled—quere, why do the Harsimites talk dutch?—story of the Tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues—get into the stage—driver a wag—famous fellow for running stage races—killed three passengers and crippled nine in the course of his practise—philosophical reasons why stage drivers love grog—causeway—ditch on each side for folk to tumble into—famous place for *skilly-pots*; philadelphians call 'em tara-

* *vide* Carr's Stranger in Ireland. † *vide* Weld.

pins—roast them under the ashes as we do potatoes—quere, may not this be the reason that the philadelphians are all turtle heads?—Hackensack bridge—good painting of a blue horse jumping over a mountain—wonder who it was painted by—mem. to ask the *Baron de Gusto* about it on my return—Rattle-Snake hill, so called from abounding with butterflies—salt marsh, *surmounted* here and there by a solitary hay-stack—more tarapins—wonder why the philadelphians dont establish a fishery here, and get a patent for it—bridge over the Passaick—rate of toll—description of toll boards—toll man had but one eye—story how it is *possible* he *may* have lost the other—pence-table, &c.*—

CHAP. II.

Newark—noted for its fine breed of fat musquitoes—sting through the thickest boot†—story about *gallynipers*—Archy Gifford and his man Caliban—jolly fat fellows—a knowing traveller always judges of every thing by the inn-keepers and waiters‡—set down Newark people as fat as butter—learned dissertation on Archy Gifford's green coat, with philosophical reasons why the Newarkites wear red worsted night-caps, and turn their noses to the south when the wind blows—Newark academy full of windows—sunshine excellent to make little boys grow—Elizabeth-town—fine girls—vile musquitoes—plenty of oysters—quere, have oysters any feeling?—good story about the fox catching them by his tail—ergo, foxes might be of great use in the pearl fishery—landlord member of the Le-

* *vide* Carr. † *vide* Weld. ‡ *vide* Carr. *vide* Moore. *vide* Weld *vide* Parkinson. *vide* Priest. *vide* Linkum Fidelius, and *vide* messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

gislature—treats every body who has a vote—mem. all the inn-keepers members of legislature in New-Jersey—Bridge-town, vulgarly called *Spank-town*, from a story of a quandam parson and his wife—real name, according to Linkum Fidelius, Bridge-town, from *bridge*, a contrivance to get dry shod over a river or brook ; and *town*, an appellation given in America to the accidental assemblage of a church, a tavern, and a blacksmith's shop—Linkum as right as my left leg—Rahway-river—good place for gun boats—wonder why mr. Jefferson dont send a *river fleet* there to protect the hay vessels ! —Woodbridge—landlady mending her husband's breeches—sublime apostrophe to conjugal affection and the fair sex*—Woodbridge famous for its crab fishery—sentimental correspondence between a crab and a lobster—digression to Abelard and Eloisa—mem. when the moon is in *Pisces*, she plays the devil with the crabs.

CHAP. III.

Brunswick—oldest town in the state—division line between two counties in the middle of the street—posed a lawyer with the case of a man standing with one foot in each county—wanted to know in which he was *domicil*—lawyer couldn't tell for the soul of him—mem. all the New-Jersey lawyers *nums*—miss Hay's boarding-school—young ladies not allowed to eat mustard—and why !—fat story of a mustard pot, with a good saying of Ding-Dong's—Vernon's tavern—fine place to sleep, if the noise would let you—another Caliban !—Vernon *slew* eyed—people of Brunswick, of course, all squint—Drake's tavern—fine old blade—wears square buck-

* *vide* 'The Sentimental Kotzebue.

les in his shoes—tells bloody long stories about last war—people, of course, all do the same—Hook'em Snivy, the famous fortune-teller, born here—contemporary with mother Shoulders—particulars of his history—died one day—lines to his memory, *which found their way into my pocket-book**—melancholy reflections on the death of great men—beautiful epitaph on myself.

CHAP. IV.

Princeton—college—professors wear boots!—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire, and burnt out the professors; an excellent joke, but not worth repeating—mem. american students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation, and makes little boys fight—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern, who had just got their allowance of spending money—laid it all out in a supper—got fuddled, and d——d the professors for nincoms. N. B. Southern gentlemen.—Church-yard—apostrophe to grim death—saw a cow feeding on a grave—metempsychosis—who knows but the cow may have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors—made me melancholy and pensive for fifteen minutes—man planting cabbages†—wondered how he could plant them so straight—method of mole-catching—and all that—quere, whether it would not be a good notion to ring their noses as we do pigs—mem. to propose it to the American Agricultural Society—get a premium perhaps—commencement—students give a

* *vide Carr and Blind Bet!*

† *vide Carr,*

ball and supper—company from New-York, Philadelphia and Albany—great contest which spoke the best english—albanians vociferous in their demand for sturgeon—philadelphians gave the preference to racoon,* and splacnuncs—gave them a long dissertation on the phlegmatick nature of a goose's gizzard—students can't dance—always set off with the wrong foot foremost—Duport's opinion on that subject—sir Christopher Hatton the first man who ever turned out his toes in dancing—great favourite with queen Bess on that account—sir Walter Raleigh—good story about his smoking—his descent into New Spain—El Dorado—Candid—Dr. Panglos—miss Cunegunda—earthquake at Lisbon—Baron of Thundertentronck—jesuits—monks—Cardinal Woolsey—Pope Joan—Tom Jefferson—Tom Paine, and Tom the———whew ! N. B. Students got drunk as usual.

CHAP. V.

Left Princeton—country finely diversified with sheep and hay-stacks†—saw a man riding alone in a waggon ! why the deuce didn't the blockhead ride in a chair ? fellow must be a fool†—particular account of the construction of waggons, carts, wheelbarrows and quail-traps—saw a large flock of crows—concluded there must be a dead horse in the neighbourhood—mem. country remarkable for crows—won't let the horses die in peace—anecdote of a jury of crows—stopped to give the horses water—good looking man came up, and asked me if I had seen his wife ? heavens ! thought I, how strange it is that this virtuous man should ask *me* about his

* *vide* Priest.

† *vide* Carr.

wife—story of Cain and Abel—stage-driver took a *swig*—mem. set down all the people as drunkards—old house had moss on the top—swallows built in the roof—better place than old men's beards—story about that—derivation of words *kifhy*, *kifhy*, *kifhy* and *shoo-fig**—negro-driver could not write his own name—languishing state of literature in this country†—philosophical inquiry of 'Sbidlikens, why the americans are so much inferiour to the mobility of Cheapside and Shore-ditch, and why they do not eat plum-pudding on Sundays—superfine reflections about any thing.

CHAP. VI.

Trenton—built above the head of navigation to encourage commerce—capitol of the state—only wants a castle, a bay, a mountain, a sea, and a volcano, to bear a strong resemblance to the bay of Naples‡---supreme court sitting---fat chief justice--used to get asleep on the bench after dinner—gave judgment, I suppose like Pilate's wife, from his dreams—reminded me of Justice Bridlegoose deciding by a throw of a die, and of the oracle of the holy bottle—attempted to kiss the chamber-maid—boxed my ears till they rung like our theatre-bell—girl had lost one tooth—mem. all the american ladies prudes, and have bad teeth—Anacreon Moore's opinion on the matter.—State-house—fine place to see the sturgeons jump up—quere, whether sturgeons jump up by an impulse of the tail, or whether they bounce up from the bottom by the elasticity of their noses—Linkum Fidelius of the latter opinion—I too—sturgeon's nose capital for tennis—

* *vide* Carr's learned derivation of *gee* and *whoa*.

† Moore.

‡ Carr.

balls—learnt that at school—went to a ball—negro wench principal musician!—N. B. People of America have no fiddlers but females!—origin of the phrase, “fiddle of your heart”—reasons why men fiddle better than the women—expedient of the amazons who were expert at the bow—waiter at the city tavern—good story of his—nothing to the purpose—never mind—fill up my book like Carr—make it sell. Saw a democrat get into the stage followed by his dog. N. B. This town remarkable for dogs and democrats*—superfine sentiment†—good story from Joe Miller—ode to a piggin of butter—pensive meditations on a mouse hole—make a book as clear as a whistle!

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

I have observed a particular intimacy for these few days past, between that dry wag Will Wizard and my cousin Pindar. The latter has taken his winter quarters at old Cockloft's, in the corner room opposite mine, in order to be at hand and overlook the town. They hardly gave themselves time on Sunday last, to wait for the family toast of “our absent friends,” before they adjourned to Pindar's chamber. In the course of an hour my cousin's enormous mandarine inkstand was sent down to be replenished;—I began to be seriously alarmed, for I thought if they had exhausted its contents without exhausting their subject, there was no knowing where it would end.

*Moore.

† Carr.

On returning to tea, my cousin Pindar was observed to rub his hands, a sure sign that something tickled his fancy ; he however maintained as mysterious a countenance as a seventh ward politician. As to Will Wizard, he took longer strides than usual, his inflexible phiz had an uncommonly knowing air, and a sagacious wink occasionally betrayed that he had more in his head than he chose to communicate. The whole family (who in truth are much given to *wonder* at every thing) were sadly puzzled to conjecture what their two precious noddles had been bothering about.

In the evening, after I had retreated to my citadel, the elbow chair, I was surprised by the abrupt entrance of these two worthies. My cousin opened the budget at once : he declared that it was as necessary for a modern poet to have an assistant, as for Don Quixote to have a Sancho—that it was the fashion for poets, now a-days, to write so ineffably obscure, that every line required a page of notes to explain its meaning, and render its “darkness visible”---that a modern poem could no more succeed without notes, than a paper kite could fly without a tail. In a word, Pegasus had become a most mulish animal, and would not budge a foot, unless he lumbered along a cart-load of quotations, and explanations, and illustrations at his heels : he had therefore prevailed on Will Wizard to assist him occasionally as annotator and illustrator. As a specimen of their united labours, he handed me the following complimentary ode to that king of the buzzards, Dr. CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE, informing me that he had plenty more on hand whenever occasion required it. I had been rather surprised lately, at the doctor’s med-

dling with us, as he was sure of gaining more kicks than coppers in return ; but I am told an ass loves to have his muzzle scratched with nettles. On expressing my surprise, Will informed me that it was all a sham battle ; that he was very intimate with the doctor, and could relate a thousand diverting anecdotes concerning him ; and that the doctor finding we were in want of a butt, had generously volunteered himself as our target--I wish him joy of his bargain.

In the following poem it will be observed, that while my cousin Pindar tunes his pipe on the top of the page, Will Wizard worries away at his thorough bass below. The notes of a modern poem being like the sound of a french horn, bassoon, kettle-drum, and bass-viol in our orchestra, which make such a confounded racket, that they entirely drown the song ; and no man, who has not the sublime ear of a connoisseur, can make out what tune they're playing.

FLUMMERY.

FROM THE MILL (1) OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

*Being a Poem with Notes, or rather Notes with a
Poem, (2) in the manner of*

DOCTOR (3) CHRISTOPHER COSTIVE.

“ Prick me bull-calf till he roars ”

Falstaff.

The greatest (5) poet of our day,

From State of Maine to Louisiana ; (6)

The hero who did 'sist upon t,

He wouldn't be deputy to mr. Hunt ; (7)

NOTES, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

1 *Mill.*] As we are not a little anxious to cultivate the intimacy so happily commenced between the Doctor and ourselves, we feel bound in candour to confess the charge made against us, of having borrowed from him some of the phrases and ideas of our last number ; and we justify ourselves by attributing it to our high regard for his talents : for what can be a greater proof of friendship, now a days, than borrowing ? if we were his enemies, we might justify it by the old maxim of “ foiling the devil with his own weapons.” As to the “ mill,” which the Doctor so vociferously claims, honest Pindar acknowledges that he borrowed the ideas from the Doctor's writings in general, for he never dipped in them without thinking of our nocturnal musick-grinder, who continually grinds over and over the same sleepy tune of, “ Oh, hard is my fate.”

Who rear'd a gallows for each elf, and
Did for *hangman* his own self stand. (8)
And made folk think it very odd, he
Should turn *Jack Ketch* to every body---

2 *Notes with a poem*] Whatever merit may appear in this poem, my friend Cockloft must own that it is entirely owing to his close adherence to his *big* prototype, Dr. Costive. The rhymes are generally *borrowed* from the Doctor's own works, possessing all that quaintness *cuteness* and clumsiness, for which he is remarkable. As the lesser thing should always depend upon the greater, we have rather inverted the usual title of such works and made the poem minor. We recommend the Doctor's mode of *compiling* a book to all the numskulls of the day—as an example, we instance his “Terrible Tractoration,” of which as few buy, and still fewer read it, (a proof that the town are not quite such fools as the Doctor would make them) we shall say little. This book was smothered in notes, like a goose in onions—some ill-natured cynicks have asserted that what little whim the work contained, lay intirely in the notes, which we are sorry to say were not written by the Doctor ;—his poem might therefore be said to resemble the *leg of a stool*, dressed up with *savoury sauce* ; or, as the Doctor will understand it better, that famous dish called *pumpkin-pie*, where though the *pumpkin* gives the *name* to the dish, yet the great skill of the cook is to hide the twang of it as much as possible with *spice* and *sugar*.

3 *Doctor*] The Doctor, we are told, was not bred a physician ; nor was he indebted for his appellation to a gratuitous donation from any university, as Doctor of Laws, he was humourously so dubbed by his neighbours in Vermont, on account of having once benevolently physicked a sick horse : his works bear testimony to his drenching abilities ; and we may justly apply to him an unlucky epigram, written on a brother quack in physick and poetry :

This modern mounter of Pagasus,
 This clumsy jolter of jackasses, (9)
 Who, now the poet's dray-horse starts on,
 Anon, the gibbet hurdle carts on,

*“ For physick and farces
 His equal there scarce is ;—
 His farces are physick,—
 His physick a farce is.”*

4 *Prick Bull calf, &c*] We had not the least expectation that our notice of Dr. Costive, in the last number, would have put him into such an indecent passion. Bless us how he has roared ! and, like Falstaff, not only roared, but “ ran and roared ”—

*—“ unpacked his heart with words,
 And fell a cursing—like a very drab !
 A scullion !”*

He has given us a most woeful *scolding* through some eight or nine columns, and plainly proved that our work was not worth a fig, because “ Salmagundi ” had been heretofore given as a title to another work—Launcelot Langstaff was evidently copied from Isaac Bickerstaff, because they both ended with *staff*—“ Whimwhams ” was the same as “ Flim flams ”—“ Will Wizard ” was taken from—the lord knows where—“ *wintery* ” was accidentally misspelled or misprinted *wintery*—and “ *weakly* ” was borrowed from his own *weakly* productions—oh Midas, Midas, how thine ears do loom through the fog of thy writings —When a man of the Doctor's *gumption* can write nine columns against our work and discover no greater faults, we may well be vain ; were we to criticise our own writings, they would stand a much poorer chance. In spite of the Doctor's crustiness we still love him in our hearts : he may scold like an old woman, but we know it all arises from that excessive irritability common to all men who have

Now o'er a poem dozes happy,
And next expertly draws the cap ; he
Who cares not though the world should know it,
That he's half hangman , half a poet ; (10)

“ written a book,” and particularly a book of doggerel rhymes. We again assure him of our perfect good will towards himself and his most amiable offspring, that delectable pair of twin brothers, Terrible Tractation and Democracy Unveiled. May the whole world in general, and posterity in particular, know the proper distinction between hudibrastick and doggerel, and acquit the Doctor from the imputation meanly levelled against him by sundry nincoms, of imitating Hudibras. We are sorry that he should ever have been thought capable of descending to be a copyist, and we challenge the whole world to deny that the Doctor's verse is doggerel, genuine, broken-winded, rickety doggerel, whatever his enemies may insist to the contrary. The Doctor's waggery, however, like that of many other double headed wits, seems often to have been taken by the wrong end. On the first appearance of his Terrible Tractation, the criticks were absolutely at a loss, such was the delicacy of his wit, to say whether he was the champion or opponent of perkinism. Thus the Critical Review for 1803 : “ His real object cannot always be ascertained—we *think* him, however, the friend of the Tractors.” Either the doctor or the critick must have been a dunder-head—we charitably suppose the critick. The Doctor afterwards, like John a-Gudgeon, in the “ Pleader's Guide” explained, and his explanation proved so perfectly satisfactory, that there were very few of the reviewers but could tell, or at least *guess* at his object. The fact was, the Doctor, good inoffensive soul, did not mean to attack any thing—except common sense. We recommend this work as a soporifick specimen of his skill in *bulderdash*.

Who gibbeted the knaves so knowing,
 That kept democracy a going,
 Hung his *fac-simile* fam'd Toney (11)
 Pasquin, the friend of mr. Honé ;

5 *Greatest poet*] *Great* is sometimes a positive, sometimes a figurative term—as we may say a *great man*, a *great mountain*, or when speaking of the Doctor, a *great man mountain*—having no allusion here to the mountain which brought forth a mouse. When, however, we speak of the Doctor as a *great man*, or *great poet*, we mean to be understood that he is some six feet six inches high—three feet across the shoulders, nine round the waist ; that he weighs about half a ton, and is withal most clumsily hung together.

6 *Louisiana*] Though we plume ourselves on adhering closely to the Doctor's rhymes, yet we have taken the liberty of differing a little in the pronunciation of this word—the doctor gives it in the true eastern dialect, *Lousy-anee* ; but to give it *a la Costive*—

“ *Which late, tis said, in weather rainy,
 Was melted in Louisiana.*”

Again : for when the Doctor gets hold of a good rhyme, he is a “woundy toad” for harping on it—

“ *But please his highness-ship, I wont or (wunt)
 Be deputy to mr. Hunt ;
 No—were it offered 'twould be vain, he
 Won't catch me in Louisiana (or Lousy-anee)*”

These two latter lines are truly as musical as marrow-bones and cleavers, and remind us of that sweet couplet, by the Doctor's rival, the inimitable SEARSON—

*From this seat I pass'd to Alexandria,
 And am pleased through rural scenes to wander.*

SEAR. M. V.

Who drags like snail his filthy slime
 Through many a ragged hobbling rhyme,
 Then calls his billingsgate—sarcastick !
 His drabbling doggrel—hudibrastick !

If our readers wishes for more specimens of the Doctor's knack at rhyming, we'll give him the oft repeated tags of "rogues and demagogues," "brewing and ruin," "wilderling and children," "women and common," "trimming and women," "well knows and fellows," "comparison and harrass'd 'em ;" together with an occasional mixture of those attick eastern jingles of "dandy and handy" and "sugar-candy." The Doctor and Searson's poetick contest is similar to one that whilom took place between two honest tars: (we beg the gentle Joe Miller's pardon for *borrowing* an anecdote) one gave as prize couplet :

" *As she slips she slides along,*
 " *A faithful friend is hard to find.*"

but the other *rhymster* beat him all hollow by singing out,

" *My quart pot holds a gallon,*
 " *By zounds !*"

7 *Deputy to mr. Hunt*] Mr. Hunt was a *little* man and a young man ; the Doctor, although of the same age, feeling the *immensity* of his qualifications refuses to second such a governor, urging his *size*, and like Billy Bugby, alledging that what he wanted in years, he made up in *bulk* ; and if he lacked in brains he atoned for all in *garbage*.

8 *Did for hangman, &c.*] How the Doctor ever came to stumble on this unhappy idea, we are at a loss to imagine—it is an odd whim-wham for a fellow to dub himself with the humourous epithet of *hangman*. "We would not have his enemies say so." Whether the Doc-

[Good lack, my friends, 'twould make you soon (12)
laugh,

To see this jolter-headed moon-calf,

From Hudibras his honours steal,

And break Sam Butler on the wheel.] (13)

tor has a *hanging look* or not, we leave others to determine. We are certain he is in no danger of the gallows himself: but we warn him to take care how he visits Connecticut—he may chance to be burnt for a witch. We give the Doctor's own claim to his *Tyburn title*.

Now since ye are a ruffian crew,

As honest Jack Ketch ever knew.

No threats nor growling shall prohibit

My hanging you on satire's gibbet.

Costive.

9 *This clumsy jolter of jackasses*] As this line partakes of the true Costive obscurity, we beg leave to explain. There is no intention of calling the Doctor a jackass, we only mean that he makes an ass of Pegasus, and even when on poor Pegasus (so degraded) he is but a miserable rider. His trotting, pacing, nigglety-nagglety lines, put us often in mind of that pious but quaint expression about the “devil riding rough shod over a soul.”

10 *Half a poet*] Oh fie, friend Cockloft, this savours of sheer envy. Were there any doubts of the Doctor's being a whole poet—ay, and a *big* poet, the following verse would set them at rest. It shows that he is a complete jockey on Pegasus, and when the poor nag wont pace, he'll cudgel him as soundly as he does his own brains.

Yes, we were 'raptured when he said

We're all republican, all fed

Ral fellow citizens, Americans,

And hoped we'd done with factions' hurricanes!

Costive.

With other things that I might tell ye on,
Performed by this rump-fed hellion. (14)

—But not o'er long to dwell upon't,
This man as big as an elephant. (15)

Is this poetick frenzy (alias idiotism), or is it turgid stupidity? truly it is as smooth as a pine log causeway; it confirms the Doctor's right to his *sir-name*, and can only be matched by a stave from the Doctor's contemporary bard and rival *rhymster*, Searson—videlicet.

*From house to house soon took my departure,
And to the garden looked for sweet nature.
The fishing very great at Mount Vernon,
When there with other scenes I looked upon.
This pleasing seat hath its prospect so high,
That one would think 'twas for astronomy,
Twould answer for an observatory.* }

The reader will perceive the similarity in taste, style and ear of these rival poets. I have their works bound up together, and Minshull's into the bargain. It shall go hard but that they shall all descend the gutter of immortality together.

11 *His fac similie famed Toney*] The Doctor's abusing poor Toney Pasquin, brought forcibly to our recollection the vulgar cant saying about the pot and the kettle. Perhaps no two of the *great* poets of the day are more alike, in most particulars, than Doctor Costive and honest Toney. The Doctor is a true poetick black-guard—and so is Toney. The Doctor is an adept in the Billingsgate vocabulary—so is Toney. The Doctor has bespattered many a poor devil who never offended him—so has Toney. The Doctor has written a book—so has Toney. It may be said of each of them—

“We will not rake the dunghill for his crimes,
Who knows the man will never read his rhymes.”

This *sweetest* witling of the age, (16)

This hero, hangman, critick, sage, (17)

This poet of five hundred pound, (18)

Has come to grace our hapless town ;

The only particular in which they disagree is, that Toney has been occasionally convicted of saying a good thing—the gentle stupidity of the Doctor being entirely innocent of any thing of the kind.

“ Oh, here’s another pumpion, the cramm’d son of a starved usurer, Cacafofo. Both their brains buttered cannot make two spoonsful.” *Rule a Wife.*

12 *Soon*] This word is entirely unnecessary to the sense, and is dragged in for no other purpose whatever but to eke out the line, in humbler *imitation* of a dull, but honest expedient, frequently made use of by the illustrious Searson and his great rival Doctor Costive.

13 *And break, &c*] It has for some time been a trick with many a sleepy scribbler, beside the Doctor, though now it has grown rather notorious, to break their crabbed lines with a “ fist or stick,” or crow-bar, and then term their *chopped hay* Hudibrastick—thus is poetry daily put on the rack ; and thus is poor Butler crucified every hour !

14 *Rump-fed hellion*] Lest the Doctor should here again accuse us of *borrowing*—a thing, by-the-by, we strongly suspect him of, as we think we can discover that many of his thoughts, and certainly some of his rhymes, are *borrowed* from the immortal Searson and the inimitable Minshull, we acknowledge that we are indebted for this line to Shakspeare. Whether the term *rump-fed* applies to the Doctor or not, we cannot exactly tell, but if we were not afraid of swelling our notes, we would, following the example of the Doctor in his *Democracy Unveiled*, give our readers an account of the

And when he entered, every goose
Began to cackle like the deuce ;

famous *rump* parliament, and truly 'twould be as much in point as most of the notes in that celebrated work.

Hellion] "A deputy scullion employed in regions below" to cook up the broth"—Link. Fid. The Doctor, good man, has employed himself while on earth, as far as his *weakly* powers would go, in stewing up many a woeful kettle of fish—

"Double double, toil and trouble,
"Fire burn, and caldron bubble."

Shakspeare must certainly have had the Doctor's weekly mess of *bubble* and *squeak* in view when he wrote the above.

15 *As big as an elephant*] There is more truth than poetry in this comparison. The following curious anecdote was told me by the Doctor himself when I breakfasted with him the other morning: The elephant which travelled lately through our country, was shown in New-England; two simple country girls, desirous of seeing what kind of a beast it was, applied for admittance. On entering the room, the Doctor, who was stooping to tie his shoe-string with his back towards them, was for a moment taken for the elephant! they declared it was a clumsy creature—"they could not make head nor tail of it." No wonder, poor things, the criticks were as much puzzled themselves as we have already shown.

15 *Sweetest witling*] A poetick licence, the Doctor certainly being none of the sweetest of personages. Many a fair flower, however, springs out of a dung-hill, and the Doctor is not the first poet who has written a *sweet* song in "marvellous dirty linen."

The asses brayed to one another—

Twas plain—the creatures smelt a brother.

17 *This hero hangman, &c.]*

*All hush'd in mute attention sit,
To hear this critic, poet, wit,
Philosopher, a't, all at once,
And to complete them all, this DUNCE.*

LLOYD.

18 *Five hundred pounds]* i. e. five hundred pounds weight; or in true avoirdupoise, 4 cwt. 1 qu. 24 lbs.

GENERAL REMARK.

We have endeavoured to copy the Doctor's style and manner as correctly as possible throughout this charming poem: the *rhymes* are chiefly "filched" from his own labours, and jingle as harmoniously as sleigh bells—like him we have sometimes risen and sometimes descended with all his leaden profundity. Some poets sip in the heliconean stream, others dabble in it. The Doctor exceeds them all—he has a true poetick DIVING BELL—plunges boldly to the bottom, and there dabbles in the mud like a flounder. In the *gallows* part of his poem the Doctor may truly be said to *rise*: and in our touch on the Hellion we have certainly almost equalled those profound sinkings of his genius, where the Doctor even descends *below himself*. We conclude with *borrowing* a speech from old Shakspeare—"Give me thy hand." Doctor, "I am sorry I beat thee; but while thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head."

NOTICE.

While in a "state militant," waging war with folly and stupidity, and assailed on all sides by a combination of nincoms and numskulls, we are gratified to find that our careless effusions have received the approbation of men of wit and genius. We have expressed heretofore our contempt for the applause of *the million*, but we confess ourselves ambitious of the praises of *the few*; we have read, therefore, with infinite self-congratulation, the encomiums passed on our productions by the learned and liberal editor of the "People's Friend." The attacks of that *billingsgate droll* Dr. Costive and his whole *North River fraternity*, could not give us greater delight. We also publish with pride the following card from the authors of "THE ECHO," a work which we have commended to a conspicuous post in our library; and we do hereby shake its authors by the hand as a set of right merry wags, choice spirits, and what we think better, than all—genuine humourists.

CARD.

"The authors of THE ECHO send a copy of it to the writers of SALMAGUNDI, which they request them to accept, as a mark of the pleasure they have received from their cervantick effusions."

Now we are in the humour of card writing, we would acknowledge the reception of several effusions in prose and verse, which, though they do great credit to the writers, and would doubtless be

both pleasing and instructing to the publick, yet do not come exactly within the intention of our work, the authors therefore will excuse our not publishing them.

We have likewise received a note written in a french hand, but in villanous bad english. Will Wizard has been at much pains to decypher it, but in vain, it is as unintelligible as an herculanean manuscript. He has discovered, however, that it is a vindication of dancing, together with a long eulogy on the *pas de chat*.

As a considerable part of this paper is taken up with a stupid subject, viz. the doctor, and as we do not wish that our readers should pay for "flummery" merely, we have directed our publisher to give them eight pages extra; this will account for the unusual size of the present number. We confess we *borrowed* this idea among many others from the doctor, who lately finding that his readers were dissatisfied with the *contents* of his *weakly* paper, endeavoured to put them in good humour by doubling its *bulk*, this he waggishly enough terms *doubling the dose*—oh the droll dog!

Printed by D. Longworth, at the Shakspeare Gallery.

(third edition)

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. 5] *Saturday, March 7, 1807.*

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

The following letter of my friend Mustapha appears to have been written some time subsequent to the one already published. Were I to judge from its contents, I should suppose it was suggested by the splendid review of the twenty-fifth of last November; when a pair of colours was presented, at the City-Hall, to the regiments of artillery, and when a huge dinner was devoured by our corporation, in the honourable remembrance of the evacuation of this city. I am happy to find that the laudable spirit of military emulation which prevails in our city has attracted the attention of a stranger of Mustapha's sagacity—by military emulation I mean that spirited rivalry in the size of a hat, the length of a feather, and the gingerbread finery of a sword belt; this being what I understand by *military foppery*.

LETTER

From MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, to ABDALLAH EB'N AL RAHAB, surnamed the SNORER, military sentinel at the gate of his highness' palace.

Thou hast heard, oh Abdallah, of the great magician, MULEY FUZ, who could change a blooming land, blessed with all the elysian charms of hill and dale, of glade and grove, of fruit and flower into a desert, frightful, solitary and forlorn ; who with the wave of his wand could transform even the disciples of Mahomet into grinning apes and chattering monkeys. Surely, thought I to myself this morning, the dreadful Muley has been exercising his infernal enchantments on these unhappy infidels. Listen, oh Abdallah, and wonder. Last night I committed myself to tranquil slumber, encompassed with all the monotonous tokens of peace ; and this morning I awoke enveloped in the noise, the bustle, the clangour, and the shouts of war. Every thing was changed as if by magick. An immense army had sprung up like mushrooms in a night, and all the cobblers, tailors, and tinkers of the city had mounted the nodding plume ; had become, in the twinkling of an eye, helmetted heroes and war-worn veterans.

Alarmed at the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets and the shouting of the multitude, I dressed myself in haste, sallied forth and followed a prodigious crowd of people to a place called the Battery. This is so denominated, I am told, from having once been defended with formidable wooden bulwarks, which in the course of a hard winter were *thriftilly* pulled to pieces by an *economick* corporation, to be distributed for fire-wood among the

poor ; this was done at the hint of a cunning old engineer, who assured them it was the only way in which their fortifications would ever be able to keep up a *warm fire*. Economy, my friend, is the watch-word of this nation ; I have been studying for a month past to divine its meaning, but truly am as much perplexed as ever. It is a kind of national starvation, an experiment how many comforts and necessaries the body politick can be deprived of before it perishes. It has already arrived to a lamentable degree of debility, and promises to share the fate of the arabian philosopher, who proved that he could live without food, but unfortunately died just as he had brought his experiment to perfection.

On arriving at the battery, I found an *immense* army of SIX HUNDRED MEN, drawn up in a true mussulman crescent. At first, I supposed this was in compliment to myself, but my interpreter informed me that it was done merely for want of room, the corporation not being able to afford them sufficient to display in a straight line. As I expected a display of some grand evolutions and military manœuvres, I determined to remain a tranquil spectator in hopes that I might possibly collect some hints which might be of service to his highness.

This great body of men I perceived was under the command of a small *bashaw*, in yellow and gold, with white nodding plumes, and most formidable whiskers ; which, contrary to the tripolitan fashion, were in the neighbourhood of his ears instead of his nose. He had two attendants called aid-de-camps, (or *tails*) being similar to a bashaw with two tails. The bashaw, though commander in chief, seemed to have little more to do than

myself—he was a spectator within the lines and I without—he was clear of the rabble and I was encompassed by them, this was the only difference between us, except that he had the best opportunity of showing his clothes. I waited an hour or two with exemplary patience, expecting to see some grand military evolutions or a sham battle exhibited, but no such thing took place; the men stood stock still, supporting their arms, groaning under the fatigues of war, and now and then sending out a foraging party to levy contributions of beer and a favourite beverage which they denominate *grog*. As I perceived the crowd were active in examining the line, from one extreme to the other, and as I could see no other purpose, for which these sunshine warriors should be exposed so long to the merciless attacks of wind and weather, I of course concluded that this must be *the review*.

In about two hours the army was put in motion and marched through some narrow streets, where the *economick corporation* had carefully provided a soft carpet of mud, to a magnificent castle of painted brick, decorated with grand pillars of pine boards. By the ardour which brightened in each countenance, I soon perceived that this castle was to undergo a vigorous attack. As the ordnance of the castle was perfectly silent, and as they had nothing but a straight street to advance through, they made their approaches with great courage and admirable regularity; until within about a hundred feet of the castle, a pump opposed a formidable obstacle in their way and put the whole army to a nonplus. The circumstance was sudden and unlooked for—the commanding officer ran over all the military tacticks with which his head was crammed, but none

offered any expedient for the present awful emergency. The pump maintained its post, and so did the commander ; there was no knowing which was most at a stand. The commanding officer ordered his men to wheel and take it in flank—the army accordingly wheeled, and came full butt against it in rear, exactly as they were before :—“ wheel to the left !” cried the officer ; they did so, and again, as before, the inveterate pump intercepted their progress. “ Right about, face !” cried the officer ; the men obeyed, but bungled—they *faced back to back*. Upon this the bashaw with two tails, with great coolness, undauntedly ordered his men to push right forward, pell-mell, pump or no pump—they gallantly obeyed ; after unheard-of acts of bravery the pump was carried without the loss of a man, and the army firmly entrenched itself under the very walls of the castle. The bashaw had then a council of war with his officers ; the most vigorous measures were resolved on. An advance guard of musicians were ordered to attack the castle without mercy. Then the whole band opened a most tremendous battery of drums, fifes, tambourines, and trumpets, and kept up a thundering assault ; as if the castle, like the walls of Jericho, spoken of in the jewish chronicles, would tumble down at the blowing of rams’ horns. After some time a parley ensued. The grand bashaw of the city appeared on the battlements of the castle, and as far as I could understand from circumstances, dared the little bashaw of two tails to a single combat ;—this thou knowest was in the style of antient chivalry :—the little bashaw dismounted with great intrepidity and ascended the battlements of the castle ; where the

great bashaw waited to receive him, attended by numerous dignitaries and worthies of his court one of whom bore the splendid banners of the castle. The battle was carried on intirely by *words* according to the universal custom of this country, of which I shall speak to thee more fully hereafter. The grand bashaw made a furious attack in a speech of considerable length ; the little bashaw by no means appalled, retorted with great spirit. The grand bashaw attempted to rip him up with an argument, and stun him with a solid fact ; but the little bashaw parried them both with admirable adroitness, and run him clean through and through with a syllogism. The grand bashaw was overthrown, the banners of the castle yielded up to the little bashaw, and the castle surrendered after a vigorous defence of three hours—during which the besiegers suffered great extremity from muddy streets and a drizzling atmosphere.

On returning to dinner I soon discovered that as usual I had been indulging in a great mistake. The matter was all clearly explained to me by a fellow-lodger who on ordinary occasions moves in the humble character of a tailor, but in the present instance figured in a high military station denominated *corporal*. He informed me that what I had mistaken for a castle was the splendid palace of the municipality, and that the supposed attack was nothing more than the delivery of a flag, given by the authorities to the army for its magnanimous defence of the town for upwards of twenty years past, (that is, ever since the last war !) Oh, my friend, surely every thing in this country is on a great scale !—The conversation insensibly turned upon the military establishment of the nation, and I do assure thee, that my friend the tailor, though be-

ing according to a national proverb, but the ninth part of a man, yet acquitted himself on military concerns as ably as the grand bashaw of the empire himself. He observed that their rulers had decided that wars were very useless and expensive, and ill befitting an economick philosophick nation, they had therefore made up their minds never to have any wars, and consequently there was no need of soldiers or military discipline. As, however, it was thought highly ornamental to a city to have a number of men drest in fine clothes and feathers, strutting about the streets on a holiday—and as the women and children were particularly fond of such *raree shows*, it was ordered that the tailors of the different cities throughout the empire should, forthwith, go to work, and cut out and manufacture soldiers as fast as their sheers and needles would permit.

These soldiers have no pecuniary pay; and their only recompense for the immense services which they render their country in their voluntary parades is the plunder of smiles, and winks, and nods which they extort from the ladies. As they have no opportunity, like the vagrant arabs, of making inroads on their neighbours, and as it is necessary to keep up their military spirit, the town is therefore now and then, but particularly on two days of the year, given up to their ravages. The arrangements are contrived with admirable address, so that every officer from the bashaw down to the drum-major, (the chief of the eunuchs, or musicians) shall have his share of that invaluable booty, the *admiration of the fair*. As to the soldiers, poor animals, they like the privates in all great armies, have to bear the brunt of danger and fatigue, while their officers re-

ceive all the glory and reward. The narrative of a parade day will exemplify this more clearly.

The chief bashaw, in the plenitude of his authority orders a grand review of the *whole army*, at two o'clock. The bashaw with *two tails*, that he may have an opportunity of vapouring about sa greatest man on the field, orders the army to assemble at twelve. The kiaya, or *colonel*, as he is called, that is, commander of one hundred and twenty men, orders his regiment or tribe to collect *one mile at least* from the place of parade, at eleven. Each captain (or *fag-rag*, as we term them) commands his squad to meet at ten, at least *a half mile* from the regimental parade—and to close all, the chief of the eunuchs orders his infernal concert of fifes, trumpets, cymbals and kettle drums to assemble at ten! from that moment the city receives no quarter. All is noise, hooting, hubbub and combustion, Every window, door, crack, and loop-hole, from the garret to the cellar, is crowded with the fascinating fair, of all ages, and of all complexions. The mistress smiles through the windows of the drawing-room; the chubby chambermaid lolls out of the attic casement, and a host of sooty wenches roll their white eyes, and grin and chatter from the cellar-door. Every nymph seems anxious to yield voluntarily, that tribute which the heroes of their country demand. First struts the chief eunuch, or drum-major, at the head of his sable band, magnificently arrayed in tarnished scarlet. Alexander himself could not have spurned the earth more superbly. A host of ragged boys shout in his train, and inflate the bosom of the warrior with tenfold self-complacency. After he has rattled his kettle drums through the town, and swelled and swaggered like a turkey-cock before all the dingy Floras,

and Dianas, and Junoes, and Didoes of his acquaintance, he repairs to his place of destination, loaded with a rich booty of smiles and approbation. Next comes the FAG-RAG, or captain, at the head of his mighty band, consisting of one lieutenant, one ensign, or mute, four serjeants, four corporals, one drummer, one fifer, and if he has any privates so much the better for himself. In marching to the regimental parade he is sure to paddle through the street or lane which is honoured with the residence of his mistress or intended, whom he resolutely lays under a heavy contribution. Truly it is delectable to behold these heroes as they march along, cast side glances at the upper windows, to collect the smiles, the nods, and the winks which the enraptured fair ones lavish profusely on the magnanimous defenders of their country.

The fag-rags having conducted their squads to their respective regiments, then comes the turn of the colonel, (a bashaw with *no tails*) for all eyes are now directed to him; and the fag-rags, and the eunuchs, and the kettle-drummers, having had their hour of notoriety, are confounded and lost in the military crowd. The colonel sets his whole regiment in motion; and, mounted on a mettlesome charger, frisks and fidgets, and capers, and plunges in front, to the great entertainment of the multitude, and the great hazard of himself and his neighbours. Having displayed himself, his trappings, his horse, and his *horsemanship*, he at length arrives at the place of general rendezvous, blessed with the universal admiration of his country women. I should, perhaps, mention a squadron of hardy veterans, most of whom have seen a deal of service during the nineteen or twenty years of their existence,

and who, most gorgeously equipped in tight green jackets and breeches, trot, and amble, and gallop, and scamper like little devils through every street and nook and corner and poke-hole of the city, to the great dread of all old people, and sage matrons with young children. This is truly sublime ! this is what I call making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Oh, my friend, on what a *great scale* is every thing in this country. It is in the style of the wandering arabs of the desert *El-Tih*. Is a village to be attacked, or a hamlet to be plundered, the whole desert, for weeks beforehand, is in a buz—such marching and counter-marching, ere they can concentrate their ragged forces ! and the consequence is, that before they can bring their troops into action, *the whole enterprise is blown*.

The army being all happily collected on the battery, though, perhaps, two hours after the time appointed, it is now the turn of the bashaw, with two tails to distinguish himself. Ambition, my friend, is implanted alike in every heart ; it pervades each bosom, from the bashaw to the drum-major. This is a sage truism, and I trust, therefore, it will not be disputed. The bashaw fired with that thirst for glory, inseperable from the noble mind, is anxious to reap a full share of the laurels of the day, and bear off his portion of female plunder. The drums beat, the fifes whistle, the standards wave proudly in the air. The signal is given !—thunder roars the cannon !—away goes the bashaw, and away go the *tails* ! The review finished, evolutions and military manœuvres are generally dispensed with for three excellent reasons ; first, because the army knows very little about them ; second, because as the country has determined to remain always at peace, there is no necessity for them to know any

thing about them ; and third, as it is growing late, the bashaw must dispatch, or it will be too dark for him to get his quota of the plunder. He of course orders the whole army to march ; and now, my friend, now comes the tug of war—now is the city completely sacked. Open fly the battery-gates, forth sallies the bashaw with his two tails, surrounded by a shouting body-guard of boys and negroes ! then pour forth his legions, potent as the pismires of the desert ! the customary salutations of the country commence ; those tokens of joy and admiration which so much annoyed me on first landing : the air is darkened with old hats, shoes, and dead cats ; they fly in showers like the arrows of the parthians. The soldiers, no ways disheartened, like the intrepid followers of Leonidas, march gallantly under their shade. On they push, splash-dash, mud or no mud. Down one lane, up another—the martial musick resounds through every street—the fair ones throng to their windows—the soldiers look every way but straight forward. “ Carry arms ! ” cries the bashaw—“ tantara ra-ra,” brays the trumpet—“ rub-a-dub,” roars the drum—“ hurraw ! ” shout the ragamuffins. The bashaw smiles with exultation—every fag-rag feels himself a hero——“ none but the brave deserve the fair ! ” Head of the immortal Amrou, on what a great scale is every thing in this country !

Ay, but you’ll say, is not this unfair that the officers should have all the sports while the privates undergo all the fatigue ? truly, my friend, I indulged the same idea, and pitied from my heart the poor fellows who had to drabble through the mud and the mire, toiling under ponderous cocked hats, which seemed as cumbrous and unwieldly as the shell which the snail lumbers along on his back.

I soon found out, however, that they have their quantum of notoriety. As soon as the army is dismissed, the city swarms with little scouting-parties, who fire off their guns at every corner, to the great delight of the women and children in their vicinity ; and woe unto any dog, or pig, or hog that falls in the way of these magnanimous warriors—they are shown no quarter. Every gentle swain repairs to pass the evening at the feet of his dulcinea, to play “the soldier tired of war’s alarms,” and to captivate her with the glare of his *regimentals*, excepting some ambitious heroes, who strut to the theatre, flame away in the front boxes, and hector every old apple woman in the lobbies.

Such, my friend, is the gigantick genius of this nation and its faculty of swelling up nothings into importance. Our bashaw of Tripoli, will review his troops of some thousands by an early hour in the morning. Here a review of six hundred men is made the mighty work of a day ! With us a bashaw of *two tails* is never appointed to a command of less than ten thousand men ; but here we behold every grade, from the bashaw down to the drum-major, in a force of less than one-tenth of the number. By the beard of Mahomet, but every thing here is *indeed* on a great scale !

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

I was not a little surprised the other morning at a request from Will Wizard that I would accompany him that evening to mrs. ——’s ball. The request was simple enough of itself ; it was only singular as coming from Will ;—of all my acquaintance, Wizard is the least calculated and disposed

for the society of ladies—not that he dislikes their company ; on the contrary, like every man of pith and marrow, he is a professed admirer of the sex ; and had he been born a poet, would undoubtedly have bespattered and be-rhymed some hard named goddess, until she became as famous as Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa ; but Will is such a confounded bungler at a bow, has so many odd bachelor habits, and finds it so troublesome to be gallant, that he generally prefers smoking his cygarr, and telling his story among cronies of his own gender : and thundering long stories they are, let me tell you ;—set Will once a going about China, or Crim Tartary, or the Hottentots, and heaven help the poor victim who has to endure his prolixity—he might better be tied to the tail of a jack-o'lantern. In one word—Will talks like a traveller. Being well acquainted with his character, I was the more alarmed at his inclination to visit a party, since he has often assured me that he considered it as equivalent to being stuck up for three hours in a steam engine. I even wondered how he had received an invitation—this he soon accounted for. It seems Will, on his last arrival from Canton, had made a present of a case of tea to a lady for whom he had once entertained a sneaking kindness when at grammar-school ; and she in return had invited him to come and drink some of it—a cheap way enough of paying off little obligations. I readily acceded to Will's proposition, expecting much entertainment from his eccentric remarks ; and as he has been absent some few years, I anticipated his surprise at the splendour and elegance of a modern rout.

On calling for Will in the evening, I found him full dressed, waiting for me. I contemplated him

with absolute dismay. As he still retained a spark of regard for the lady who once reigned in his affections he had been at unusual pains in decorating his person, and broke upon my sight arrayed in the true style that prevailed among our beaux some years ago. His hair was turned up and tufted at the top, frizzled out at the ears, a profusion of powder puffed over the whole, and a long plaited club swung gracefully from shoulder to shoulder describing a pleasing semicircle of powder and pomatum. His claret coloured coat was decorated with a profusion of gilt buttons, and reached to his calves. His white casimere small clothes were so tight that he seemed to have grown up in them ; and his ponderous legs, which are the thickest part of his body, were beautifully clothed in sky-blue silk stockings ; once considered so becoming. But above all he prided himself upon his waistcoat of China silk, which might almost have served a good housewife for a short-gown ; and he boasted that the roses and tulips upon it were the work of *Nang-Fou*, daughter of the great *Chin-Chin-Fou*, who had fallen in love with the graces of his person and sent it to him as a parting present—he assured me she was a remarkable beauty, with sweet obliquity of eyes and a foot no longer than the thumb of an alderman ; he then dilated most copiously on his silver sprigged Dicky, which he assured me was quite the rage among the dashing young mandarins of Canton.

I hold it an ill-natured office to put any man out of conceit with himself : so though I would willingly have made a little alteration in my friend Wizard's picturesque costume, yet I politely complimented him on his rakish appearance.

On entering the room I kept a good look out on Will, expecting to see him exhibit signs of surprise ;

but he is one of those knowing fellows who are never surprised at any thing, or at least will never acknowledge it. He took his stand in the middle of the floor, playing with his great steel watch chain, and looking round on the company, the furniture and the pictures with the air of a man "who had seen d——d finer things in his time ;" and to my utter confusion and dismay, I saw him coolly pull out his villanous old japanned tobacco-box, ornamented with a bottle, a pipe, and a scurvy motto, and help himself to a quid in face of all the company.

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's socratick turn, who is never to be put out of humour with himself ; so, after he had given his box its prescriptive rap and returned it to his pocket, I drew him into a corner, where we might observe the company, without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red like a volcano, and who seems wrapped in flames like a fiery dragon?" that, cried I, is MISS LAURELIA DASHAWAY—she is the highest flash of the ton—has much whim and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentleman to stupidity by her charms—you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will, "I would not e'en come in contact with her train, lest it should scorch me like the tail of a comet——But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing along a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name, said I, is BILLY DIMPLE—he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba,

and smile on every body as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies—a hero at tea parties, and is famous at the *pirouet* and the pigeon-wing—a fiddle-stick is his idol, and a dance his elysium. “A very pretty young gentleman, truly,” cried Wizard, “he reminds me of a contemporary beau at Hayti. You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball to his court one fine sultry summer’s evening; Dessy and me were great cronies—hand and glove—one of the most condescending great men I ever knew. Such a display of black and yellow beauties! such a show of madrass handkerchiefs, red beads, cocks’ tails and pea-cocks’ feathers!—it was, as here, who should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tails, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colours and gew-gaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buz, slip-slop, clack and perfume, who should enter but TUCKY SQUASH! The yellow beauties blushed blue, and the black ones blushed as red as they could, with pleasure; and there was a universal agitation of fans—every eye brightened and whitened to see Tucky, for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip! his shins had the true cucumber curve—his face in dancing shone like a kettle; and, provided you kept to windward of him in summer, I do not know a sweeter youth in all Hayti than Tucky Squash. When he laughed, there appeared from ear to ear a chevaux-de-frize of teeth, that rivalled the shark’s in whiteness; he could whistle like a north-wester—play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo; and as to dancing, no Long-Island negro could shuffle you “double trouble,” or “hoe corn

and dig potatoes" more scientifically—in short he was a second Lothario, and the dusky nymphs of Hayti, one and all, declared him a perpetual Adonis. Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding any body ; and his *nonchalance* was irresistible."

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of his travellers stories, and there is no knowing how far he would have run his parallel between Billy Dimple and Tucky Squash, had not the musick struck up, from an adjoining apartment, and summoned the company to the dance. The sound seemed to have an inspiring effect on honest Will, and he procured the hand of an old acquaintance for a country dance. It happened to be the fashionable one of "the Devil among the Tailors," which is so vociferously demanded at every ball and assembly : and many a torn gown, and many an unfortunate toe did rue the dancing of that night ; for Will thundered down the dance like a coach and six, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, now running over half a score of little frenchmen, and now making sad inroads into ladies cobweb muslins and spangled tails. As every part of Will's body partook of the exertion, he shook from his capacious head such volumes of powder, that like pious Eneas on the first interview with queen Dido, he might be said to have been enveloped in a cloud. Nor was Will's partner an insignificant figure in the scene : She was a young lady of most voluminous proportions, that quivered at every skip ; and being braced in in the fashionable style, with whalebone, stay-tape and buckram, looked like an apple pudding tied in the middle, or, taking her flaming dress into consideration, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished—I would glad-

ly have taken Will off, but no,—he was now in one of his happy moods, and there was no doing any thing with him. He insisted on my introducing him to miss SOPHY SPARKLE, a young lady unrivalled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who, like a brilliant, adds lustre to the front of fashion. I accordingly presented him to her and began a conversation in which, I thought, he might take a share ; but no such thing. Will took his stand before her, straddling like a Colossus, with his hands in his pockets, and an air of the most profound attention, nor did he pretend to open his lips for some time, until, upon some lively sally of hers, he electrified the whole company with a most intolerable burst of laughter. What was to be done with such an incorrigible fellow ?—to add to my distress, the first word he spoke was to tell miss Sparkle that something she said reminded him of a circumstance that happened to him in China—and at it he went, in the true traveller style—described the chinese mode of eating rice with chop sticks—entered into a long eulogium on the succulent qualities of boiled birds nests, and I made my escape at the very moment when he was on the point of squatting down on the floor, to show how the little chinese *Joshes* sit cross-legged.



TO THE LADIES.

FROM THE MILL OF
PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH jogging down the hill of life,
Without the comfort of a wife ;
And though I ne'er a helpmate chose,
To stock my house and mend my hose ;
With care my person to adorn,
And spruce me up on Sunday morn ;—
Still do I love the gentle sex,
And still with cares my brain perplex,
To keep the fair ones of the age
Unsullied as the spotless page ;
All pure, all simple, all refined,
The sweetest solace of mankind.

I hate the loose insidious jest
To beauty's modest ear addrest,
And hold that frowns should never fail
To check each smooth, but fulsome tale ;
But he whose impious pen should dare
Invade the morals of the fair ;
To taint that purity divine
Which should each female heart enshrine ;

Though soft his vicious strains should swell,
 As those which erst from Gabriel fell,
 Should yet be held aloft to shame,
 And foul dishonour shade his name.

Judge then, my friends, of my surprize,
 The ire that kindled in my eyes,
 When I relate that t'other day
 I went a morning call to pay,
 On two young nieces, just come down
 To take the *polish* of the town;
 By which I mean no more nor less
 Than *a la française* to undress;
 To whirl the modest waltz's rounds,
 Taught by Duport for *snug ten pounds*.
 To thump and thunder through a song,
 Play *fortes* soft and *dolce's* strong;
 Exhibit loud *piano* feats,
 Caught from that crotchet hero, Meefz:
 To drive the rose bloom from the face,
 And fix the lily in its place;
 To doff the white, and in its stead
 To bounce about in brazen red.

While in the parlour I delay'd,
 Till they their persons had array'd,
 A dapper volume caught my eye,
 That on the window chanc'd to lie.
 A book's a friend—I always choose
 To turn its pages and peruse—
 It proved those poems known to fame
 For praising every cyprian dame—
 The bantlings of a dapper youth,

Renoun'd for *gratitude* and *truth* ;
A little pest, hight TOMMY MOORE,
Who hopp'd and skipp'd our country o'er ;
Who sipp'd our tea and liv'd on sops,
Revell'd on syllabubs and slops,
And when his brain, of cobweb fine,
Was fuddled with five drops of wine,
Would all his puny loves rehearse,
And many a maid debauch—in verse.

Surprised to meet in open view,
A book of such lascivious hue,
I chid my neices—but they say,
Tis all the *passion* of the day—
That many a fashionable belle
Will with enraptured accents dwell
On the sweet *morceaux* she has found
In this delicious, curs'd, compound !

Soft do the tinkling numbers roll,
And lure to vice the unthinking soul ;
They tempt by softest sounds away ;
They lead entranc'd the heart astray,
And satan's doctrine sweetly sing,
As with a seraph's heavenly string.
Such sounds, so good old Homer sung,
Once warbled from the Siren's tongue—
Sweet melting tones were heard to pour
Along Ausonia's sun-gilt shore—
Seductive strains in æther float,
And every wild deceitful note
That could the yielding heart assail,
Were wafted on the breathing gale—

And every gentle accent bland
To tempt Ulysses to their strand.

And can it be this book so base,
Is laid on every window-case?
Oh! fair ones, if you will profane
Those breasts where heaven itself should reign,
And throw those pure recesses wide,
Where peace and virtue should reside,
To let the holy pile admit
A guest unhallowed and unfit;
Pray, like the frail ones of the night,
Who hide their wanderings from the light,
So let *your* errors secret be,
And hide, at least, your fault from me:
Seek some bye corner to explore
The smooth polluted pages o'er;
There drink the insidious poison in;
There *slily* nurse your souls for sin;
And while that purity you blight,
Which stamps you messengers of light,
And sap those mounds the gods bestow,
To keep you spotless here below;
Still, in compassion to our race,
Who joy, not only in the face,
But in that more exalted part,
The sacred temple of the heart;
Oh! hide forever from our view,
The fatal mischief you pursue—
Let MEN your praises still exalt,
And none but ANGELS mourn your fault.

(third edition)

SALMAGUNDI;

OR, THE

WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS

OF

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,

Fee, faw, fum.

Psalmazar.

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. VI]

Friday, March 20, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

The Cockloft family, of which I have made such frequent mention, is of great antiquity if there be any truth in the genealogical tree which hangs up in my cousin's library. They trace their descent from a celebrated roman knight, cousin to the progenitor of his majesty of Britain, who left his native country on occasion of some disgust and went into Wales; where he became a great favourite of prince Madoc, and accompanied that famous Argonaut in the voyage which ended in the discovery of this continent. Though a member of the family I have sometimes ventured to doubt the authenticity of this portion of their annals, to the great vexation of

cousin Christopher; who is looked up to as the head of our house and who, though as orthodox as a bishop, would sooner give up the whole decalogue than lop off a single limb of the family tree. From time immemorial, it has been the rule of the Cocklofts to marry one of their own name; and as they always bred like rabbits, the family has increased and multiplied like that of Adam and Eve. In truth their number is almost incredible, and you can hardly go into any part of the country without striking a warren of genuine Cocklofts. Every person, of the least observation or experience, must have observed that where this practice of marrying cousins, and second cousins, prevails in a family, every member, in the course of a few generations, becomes queer, humorous and original; as much distinguished from the common race of mongrels as if he was of a different species. This has happened in our family and particularly in that branch of it of which Mr. Christopher Cockloft or, to do him justice, Christopher Cockloft, esq. is the head. Christopher is, in fact, the only married man of the name who resides in town; his family is small, having lost most of his children when young, by the excessive care he took to bring them up like vegetables. This was one of his first whim-whams, and a confounded one it was, as his children might have told—had they not fallen victims to his experiment before they could talk. He had got, from some quack philosopher or other, a notion that there was a complete analogy between children and plants, and that they ought both to be reared alike. Accordingly he sprinkled them every morning with water, laid them out in the sun, as he did his geraniums, and if the season was remarkably dry, repeated this

wise experiment three or four times in a morning. The consequence was, the poor little souls died one after the other except Jeremy and his two sisters; who, to be sure, are a trio of as odd, runty, mummy looking originals as ever Hogarth fancied in his most happy moments. Mrs. Cockloft, the larger if not the better half of my cousin, often remonstrated against this vegetable theory; and even brought the parson of the parish, in which my cousin's country house is situated, to her aid—but in vain: Christopher persisted and attributed the failure of his plan to its not having been exactly conformed to. As I have mentioned Mrs. Cockloft, I may as well say a little more about her while I am in the humour. She is a lady of wonderful notability; a warm admirer of shining mahogany, clean hearths, and her husband; who she considers the wisest man in the world, bating Will Wizard and the parson of our parish; the last of whom is her oracle on all occasions. She goes constantly to church every Sunday and Saint's-day; and insists upon it that no man is entitled to ascend a pulpit unless he has been ordained by a bishop;—nay, so far does she carry her orthodoxy, that all the argument in the world will never persuade her that a prebyterian, or baptist, or even a calvinist has any possible chance of going to heaven. Above every thing else, however, she abhors paganism, can scarcely refrain from laying violent hands on a Pantheon when she meets with it; and was very nigh going into hystericks, when my cousin insisted one of his boys should be christened after our laureat, because the parson of the parish had told her that Pindar was the name of a pagan writer; famous for his love of boxing matches, wrestling, and horse-racing,

To sum up all her qualifications in the shortest possible way, mrs. Cockloft is in the true sense of the phrase a good sort of a woman ; and I often congratulate my cousin on possessing her. The rest of the family consists of Jeremy Cockloft, the younger, who has already been mentioned, and the two miss Cocklofts, or rather the *young ladies* as they have been called by the servants time out of mind ; not that they are really young, the younger being somewhat on the shady side of thirty, but it has ever been the custom to call every member of the family young under fifty. In the south east corner of the house I hold quiet possession of an old-fashioned apartment, where myself and my elbow-chair are suffered to amuse ourselves undisturbed, save at meal times. This apartment old Cockloft has facetiously denominated cousin Launce's paradise : and the good old gentleman has two or three favourite jokes about it, which are served up as regularly as the standing family dish of beef-steaks and onions ; which every day maintains its station at the foot of the table, in defiance of mutton, poultry, or even venison itself.

Though the family is apparently small yet, like most old establishments of the kind, it does not want for honorary members. It is the city rendezvous of the Cocklofts ; and we are continually enlivened by the company of half a score of uncles, aunts, and cousins in the fortieth remove from all parts of the country ; who profess a wonderful regard for cousin Christopher ; and overwhelm every member of his household, down to the cook in the kitchen, with their attentions. We have for three weeks past been greeted with the company of two worthy old spinsters, who came down from the

country to settle a law-suit. They have done little else but retail stories of their village neighbours, knit stockings, and take snuff; all the time they have been here the whole family are bewildered with church-yard tales of sheeted ghosts, white horses without heads, and with large goggle eyes in their flanks; and not one of the old servants dare budge an inch after dark without a numerous company at his heels. My cousin's visitors, however, always return his hospitality with due gratitude; and now and then remind him of their fraternal regard, by a present of a pot of apple sweet-meats or a barrel of sour cider at christmas. Jeremy displays himself to great advantage among his country relations, who all think him a prodigy and often stand astounded, in "gaping wonderment," at his natural philosophy. He lately frightened a simple old uncle almost out of his wits by giving it as his opinion that the earth would one day be scorched to ashes by the eccentric gambols of the famous comet, so much talked of; and positively asserting that this world revolved round the sun, and that the moon was certainly inhabited.

The family mansion bears equal marks of antiquity with its inhabitants. As the Cocklofts are remarkable for their attachment to every thing that has remained long in the family, they are bigoted towards their old edifice; and I dare say would sooner have it crumble about their ears than abandon it. The consequence is, it has been so patched up and repaired, that it has become as full of whims and oddities as its tenants; requires to be nursed and humoured like a gouty old codger of an alderman, and reminds one of the famous ship in which a certain admiral circumnavigated

the globe ; which was so patched and timbered in order to preserve so great a curiosity, that at length not a particle of the original remained. Whenever the wind blows the old mansion makes a most perilous groaning ; and every storm is sure to make a day's work for the carpenter, who attends upon it as regularly as the family physician. This predilection for every thing that has been long in the family shows itself in every particular. The domesticks are all grown grey in the service of our house. We have a little old crusty grey-headed negro, who has lived through two or three generations of the Cocklofts, and of course has become a personage of no little importance in the household. He calls all the family by their christian names : tells long stories about how he dandled them on his knee when they were children ; and is a complete Cockloft chronicle for the last seventy years. The family-carriage was made in the last french war, and the old horses were most indubitably foaled in Noah's ark ; resembling, marvellously, in gravity of demeanour, those sober animals which may be seen any day of the year in the streets of Philadelphia, walking their snails' pace, a dozen in a row, and harmoniously jingling their bells. Whim-whams are the inheritance of the Cocklofts, and every member of the household is a humourist *sui generis*, from the master down to the footman. The very cats and dogs are humourists ; and we have a little runty scoundrel of a cur, who, whenever the church bell rings, will run to the street-door, turn up his nose in the wind, and howl most piteously. Jeremy insists that this is owing to a peculiar delicacy in the organization of his ears and supports his position by many learned arguments

which nobody can understand ; but I am of opinion that it is a mere Cockloft whim-wham which the little cur indulges, being descended from a race of dogs which has flourished in the family ever since the time of my grandfather. A propensity to save every thing that bears the stamp of family antiquity, has accumulated an abundance of trumpery and rubbish, with which the house is incumbered from the cellar to the garret ; and every room, and closet, and corner, is crammed with three legged chairs, clocks without hands, swords without scabbards, cocked hats, broken candlesticks, and looking-glasses with frames carved into fantastick shapes of feathered sheep, wooly birds, and other animals that have no name except in books of heraldry. The ponderous mahogany chairs in the parlour are of such unwieldy proportions that it is quite a serious undertaking to gallant one of them across the room, and sometimes make a most equivocal noise when you sit down in a hurry ; the mantle-piece is decorated with little lacquered earthen shepherdesses, some of which are without toes and others without noses ; and the fire-place is garnished out with dutch tiles, exhibiting a great variety of scripture pieces, which my good old soul of a cousin takes infinite delight in explaining — Poor Jeremy hates them most cordially, for, while a youngster, he was obliged by his mother to learn the history of a tile every Sunday morning before she would permit him to join his play-mates ; this was a terrible affair for Jeremy who, by the time he had learned the last, had forgotten the first and was obliged to begin again. He assured me the other day, with a round college oath, that if the *old house* stood out till he inherited it, he would have these

tiles taken out and ground into powder for the perfect hatred he bore them.

My cousin Christopher enjoys unlimited authority in the mansion of his forefathers ; he is truly what may be termed a hearty old blade ; has a florid sunshine countenance, and if you will only praise his wine, and laugh at his long stories—himself and his house are heartily at your service. The first condition is indeed easily complied with ; for, to tell the truth, his wine is excellent ; but his stories being not of the best, and often repeated, are apt to create a disposition to yawn ; being in addition to their other qualities, most unfeelingly long. His prolixity is the more afflicting to me, since I have all his stories by heart ; and when he enters upon one it reminds me of Newark causeway, where the traveller sees the end at the distance of several miles. To the great misfortune of all his acquaintance, cousin Cockloft is blessed with a most provoking retentive memory ; and can give day and date, and name and age, and circumstance, with the most unfeeling precision. These, however, are but trivial foibles, either intirely unnoticed or passed over with indulgence by those who know with what a rich redundant harvest of kindness and generosity his heart is stored. It would delight you to see with what social gladness he welcomes a visitor into his house ; and the poorest man that enters his door never leaves it without a cordial invitation to sit down, and drink a glass of wine. By the honest farmers around his country-seat, he is looked up to with love and reverence—they never pass him by without his inquiring after the welfare of their families and receiving a cordial shake of his liberal hand. There are but two classes of people who are thrown out of the reach of his hospitality,

and these are frenchmen and democrats. The old gentleman considers it treason against the majesty of good breeding to speak to any visitor with his hat on ; but the moment a democrat enters his door, he forthwith bids his man Pompey bring his hat, puts it on his head, and salutes him with an appalling “ Well, sir, what do you want with me ? ”

He has a profound contempt for frenchmen, and firmly believes that they eat nothing but frogs and soup-meagre in their own country. This unlucky prejudice is partly owing to my great aunt PAMELA having been, many years ago, run away with by a french count, who turned out to be the son of a generation of barbers—and partly to a little vivid spark of toryism which burns in a secret corner of his heart. He was a loyal subject of the crown ; has hardly yet recovered the shock of independence ; and though he does not care to own it, always does honour to his majesty’s birth-day, by inviting a few cavaliers like himself to dinner, and gracing his table with more than ordinary festivity. If by chance the revolution is mentioned before him, my cousin shakes his head ; and you may see, if you take good note, a lurking sneer of contempt in the corner of his eye, which marks a decided disapprobation of the sound. He once, in the fulness of his heart, observed to me that green peas were a month later than they were under the old government. But the most eccentric manifestation of loyalty he ever gave was making a voyage to Halifax, for no other reason under heaven but to hear his majesty prayed for in church, as he used to be here formerly. This he never could be brought fairly to acknowledge ; but it is a certain fact I assure

you. It is not a little singular that a person so much given to long story telling as my cousin, should take a liking to another of the same character; but so it is with the old gentleman—his prime favourite and companion is Will Wizard, who is almost a member of the family. He will set before the fire, with his feet on the massy andirons, and smoke his cygarr, and screw his phiz, and spin away tremendous long stories of his travels, for a whole evening, to the great delight of the old gentleman and lady, and especially of the *young ladies*, who, like Desdemona, do “seriously incline,” and listen to him with innumerable “O dears,” “is it possibles,” “goody graciouses;” and look upon him as a second Sinbad the sailor.

The miss Cocklofts, whose pardon I crave for not having particularly introduced them before, are a pair of delectable damsels, who having purloined and locked up the family-bible, pass for just what age they please to plead guilty to. BARBARA the eldest, has long since resigned the character of a belle, and adopted that staid, sober, demure, snuff-taking air becoming her years and discretion. She is a good-natured soul, whom I never saw in a passion but once, and that was occasioned by seeing an old favourite beau of hers kiss the hand of a pretty blooming girl; and in truth she only got angry because, as she very properly said, it was spoiling the child. Her sister MARGERY, or MAGGIE, as she is familiarly termed, seemed disposed to maintain her post as a belle, until a few months since; when accidentally hearing a gentleman observe that she broke very fast she suddenly left off going to the assembly, took a cat into high favour, and began to rail at the forward pertness of

young misses. From that moment I set her down for an old maid ; and so she is, “ by the hand of my body.” The *young ladies* are still visited by some half a dozen of veteran beaux, who grew and flourished in the *haut ton* when the miss Cocklofts were quite children ; but have been brushed rather rudely by the hand of time, who, to say the truth, can do almost any thing but make people young. They are, notwithstanding, still warm candidates for female favour ; look venerably tender, and repeat over and over the same honeyed speeches and sugared sentiments to the little belles, that they poured so profusely into the ears of their mothers. I beg leave here to give notice that by this sketch I mean no reflection on *old bachelors* : on the contrary, I hold that next to a fine lady, (the *ne plus ultra*) an old bachelor is the most charming being upon earth, in as much as by living in “ single blessedness,” he of course does just as he pleases : and if he has any genius, must acquire a plentiful stock of whims, and oddities, and whalebone habits, without which I esteem a man to be mere beef without mustard, good for nothing at all but to run on errands for ladies, take boxes at the theatre, and act the part of a screen at tea-parties, or a walking-stick in the streets. I merely speak of these *old boys* who infest publick walks, pounce upon ladies from every corner of the street, and like old Tommy Fizzig, worry, and frisk, and amble, and caper before, behind, and round about the fashionable belles like old ponies in a pasture, and strive to supply the absence of youthful whim and hilarity, by grimaces, and grins, and artificial vivacity. I have sometimes seen one of these “ reverend youths,” endeavouring to elevate his wintry passions into something like love by basking in the sunshine of beauty ;

and it did remind me of an old moth attempting to fly through a pane of glass towards a light, without ever approaching near enough to warm itself or scorch its wings.

Never, I firmly believe, did there exist a family that went more by tangents than the Cocklofts. Every thing is governed by whim : and if one member starts a new freak, away all the rest follow on like wild geese in a string. As the family, the servants, the horses, cats and dogs, have all grown old together they have accommodated themselves to each others habits completely ; and though every body of them is full of odd points, angles, rhomboids, and ins and outs, yet somehow or other they harmonize together like so many straight lines ; and it is truly a grateful and refreshing sight to see them agree so well. Should one, however, get out of tune it is like a cracked fiddle, the whole concert is a-jar, you perceive a cloud over every brow in the house, and even the old chairs seem to creak *affettuoso*. If my cousin, as he is rather apt to do, betray any symptoms of vexation or uneasiness, no matter about what, he is worried to death with inquiries, which answer no other end but to demonstrate the good will of the inquirer, and put him in a passion ; for every body knows how provoking it is to be cut short, in a fit of the *blues* by an impertinent question about what is the matter when a man can't tell himself. I remember a few months ago the old gentleman came home in quite a squall, kicked poor Cæsar, the mastiff, out of his way, as he came threw the hall, threw his hat on the table with most violent emphasis, and pulling out his box, took three huge pinches of snuff, and threw a fourth into the cat's eyes as he sat purring his asto-

nishment by the fire-side. This was enough to set the body politick going—mrs. Cockloft began my dearing it as fast as tongue could move—the *young ladies* took each a stand at an elbow of his chair—Jeremy marshalled in the rear—the servants came tumbling in—the mastiff put up an inquiring nose ; and even grimalkin, after he had cleaned his whiskers and finished sneezing, discovered indubitable signs of sympathy. After the most affectionate inquiries on all sides, it turned out that my cousin, in crossing the street, had got his silk stockings bespattered with mud by a coach, which it seems belonged to a dashing gentleman who had formerly supplied the family with hot rolls and muffins ! Mrs. Cockloft thereupon turned up her eyes, and the *young ladies* their noses ; and it would have edified a whole congregation to hear the conversation which took place concerning the insolence of upstarts, and the vulgarity of would-be-gentlemen and ladies, who strive to emerge from low life, by dashing about in carriages to pay a visit two doors off, giving parties to people who laugh at them, and *cutting* all their old friends.

Theatricals.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

.....

I went a few evenings since to the theatre, accompanied by my friend Snivers the cockney, who is a man deeply read in the history of Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, Blue Beard, and all those recondite works so necessary to enable a man to understand the modern drama. Snivers is one of those intolerable fellows who will never be pleased with any thing until he has turned

and twisted it divers ways, to see if it correspond with his notions of congruity ; and as he is none of the quickest in his ratiocinations, he will sometimes come out with his approbation when every body else have forgotten the cause which excited it. Snivers is, moreover, a great critick ; for he finds fault with every thing—this being what I understand by *modern criticism*. He, however, is pleased to acknowledge that our theatre is not so despicable all things considered ; and really thinks Cooper one of our best actors. As the house was crowded, we were complimented with seats in Box No. 2, a sad little rantipole place, which is the strong hold of a set of rare wags, and where the poor actors undergo the most merciless tortures of verbal criticism. The play was OTHELLO ; and, to speak my mind freely, I think I have seen it performed much worse in my time. The actors, I firmly believe, did their best ; and whenever this is the case, no man has a right to find fault with them—in my opinion. Little RUTHERFORD, the Roscius of the Philadelphia theatre, looked as big as possible, and what he wanted in size, he made up in frowning—I like frowning in tragedy ; and if a man but keeps his forehead in proper wrinkle, talks big, and takes long strides on the stage, I always set him down as a great tragedian ; and so does my friend Snivers.

Before the first act was over, Snivers began to flourish his critical wooden sword like a harlequin. He first found fault with Cooper for not having made himself as black as a negro ; “ for,” said he, “ that Othello was an arrant black, appears from several expressions of the play ; as for instance, ‘ thick lips,’ ‘ sooty bosom,’ and a variety of others. I am inclined to think,” continued he, “ that Othello was an egyptian by birth, from the circumstance of the handkerchief given to his mother by a native of that country ; and, if so, he certainly was as black as my hat ; for Herodotus has told us that the egyptians had flat noses and frizzled hair—a clear proof that they were all negroes.” He did not confine his strictures to this single error of the actor, but went on

to run him down in toto. In this he was seconded by a red-hot philadelphian; who proved, by a string of most eloquent logical puns, that Fennel was unquestionably in every respect a better actor than Cooper. I knew it was vain to contend with him, since I recollected a most obstinate trial of skill these two great *Roscii* had last spring in Philadelphia. Cooper brandished his blood-stain'd dagger at the theatre—Fennel flourished his snuff-box, and shook his wig at the Lyceum; and the unfortunate philadelphians were a long time at a loss to decide which deserved the palm. The literati were inclined to give it to Cooper, because his name was the most fruitful in puns; but then, on the other side, it was contended that Fennel was the best greek scholar. Scarcely was the town of Strasburgh in a greater hub-bub about the courteous stranger's nose;—and it was well that the doctors of the university did not get into the dispute, else it might have become a battle of folioes. At length, after much excellent argument had been expended on both sides, recourse was had to Cocker's Arithmetick and a carpenter's rule: the rival candidates were both measured by one of their most steady-handed criticks, and by the most exact measurement it was proved that mr. Fennel was the greatest actor by three inches and a quarter. Since this demonstration of his inferiority, Cooper has never been able to hold up his head in Philadelphia.

In order to change a conversation, in which my favourite suffered so much, I made some inquiries of the philadelphian concerning the two heroes of his theatre, WOOD and CAIN; but I had scarcely mentioned their names, when, whack! he threw a whole handful of puns in my face—twas like a bowl of cold water. I turned on my heel, had recourse to my tobacco-box, and said no more about Wood and Cain; nor will I ever more, if I can help it, mention their names in the presence of a philadelphian. Would that they could leave off punning! for I love every soul of them, with a cordial affection, warm as their own generous hearts, and boundless as their hospitality.

During the performance, I kept an eye on the countenance of my friend, the cockney, because having come all the way from England, and having se'en Kemble once, on a visit which he made from the button-manufactory to *Lunnun*, I thought his phiz might serve as a kind of thermometer to direct my manifestations of applause or disapprobation. I might as well have looked at the backside of his head ; for I could not, with all my peering, perceive by his features that he was pleased with any thing—except himself. His hat was twitched a little one side, as much as to say, “demme, I'm your sorts !” he was sucking the end of a little stick—he was “gemmen” from head to foot ; but as to his face, there was no more expression in it than in the face of a chinese lady on a tea-cup. On Cooper's giving one of his gun-powder explosions of passion, I exclaimed, “fine, very fine !” “Pardon me,” said my friend Snivers, “this is damnable !—the gesture, my dear sir—only look at the gesture ? how horrible ! do you not observe that the actor slaps his forehead, whereas, the passion not having arrived at the proper height, he should only have slapped his—pocket-flap. This figure of rhetorick is a most important stage-trick, and the proper management of it is what peculiarly distinguishes the great actor from the mere plodding mechanical buffoon. Different degrees of passion require different slaps, which we criticks have reduced to a perfect manual, improving upon the principle adopted by Frederick of Prussia ; by deciding that an actor, like a soldier, is a mere machine ; as thus—the actor, for a minor burst of passion, merely slaps his pocket-hole—good !—for a major burst, he slaps his breast—very good !—but for a burst maximus, he whacks away at his forehead, like a brave fellow—this is excellent !—nothing can be finer than an exit slapping the forehead from one end of the stage to the other.” “Except,” replied I, “one of those slaps on the breast, which I have sometimes admired in some of our fat heroes and heroines, which make their whole body shake and quiver like a pyramid of jelly.”

The philadelphian had listened to this conversation with profound attention, and appeared delighted with Snivers' mechanical strictures; 'twas natural enough in a man who chose an actor as he would a grenadier. He took the opportunity of a pause, to enter into a long conversation with my friend, and was receiving a prodigious fund of information concerning the true mode of emphasising conjunctions, shifting scenes, snuffing candles, and making thunder and lightning, better than you can get every day from the sky, as practised at the royal theatres, when; as ill luck would have it, they happened to run their heads full but against a *new reading*. Now this was a *stumper*, as our friend Paddle would say, for the philadelphians are as inveterate new reading hunters as the cocknies, and, for aught I know, as well skilled in finding them out. The philadelphian thereupon met the cockney on his own ground, and at it they went, like two inveterate curs at a bone. Snivers quoted Theobald, Hanmer, and a host of learned commentators, who have pinned themselves on the sleeve of Shakspeare's immortality, and made the old bard, like General Washington, in General Washington's life, a most diminutive figure in his own book—his opponent chose Johnson for his bottle-holder and thundered him forward like an elephant to bear down the ranks of the enemy. I was not long in discovering that these two precious judges had got hold of that unlucky passage of Shakspeare which, like a straw, has tickled and puzzled and confounded many a somniferous buzzard of past and present time. It was the celebrated wish of Desdemona, that heaven had made her such a man as Othello. Snivers insisted that "the gentle Desdemona" merely wished for such a man for a husband, which in all conscience was a modest wish enough, and very natural in a young lady, who possibly might have had a predilection for flat noses, like a certain philosophical great man of our day. The philadelphian contended with all the vehemence of a member of congress, moving the house to have "whereas," or "also," or "nev-

ertheless" struck out of a bill ; that the young lady wished heaven had made her a man instead of a woman, in order that she might have an opportunity of seeing the " anthropophagi, and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders ;" which was a very natural wish, considering the curiosity of the sex. On being referred to, I incontinently decided in favour of the honourable member who spoke last, inasmuch as I think it was a very *foolish*, and therefore very natural wish for a young lady to make before a man she wished to marry. It was, moreover, an indication of the violent inclination she felt to *wear the breeches*, which was afterwards, in all probability, gratified ; if we may judge from the title of " our captain's captain," given her by Cassio, a phrase which, in my opinion, indicates that Othello was, at that time, most ignominiously *hen pecked*. I believe my argument staggered Snivers himself, for he looked confoundedly queer and said not another word on the subject.

A little while after, at it he went again on another tack, and began to find fault with Cooper's manner of dying—" it was not natural," he said, for it had lately been demonstrated by a learned doctor of physick, that when a man is mortally stabbed, he ought to take a flying leap of at least five feet, and drop down " dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket."—Whenever a man in the predicament above mentioned departed from this fundamental rule, by falling flat down like a log and rolling about for two or three minutes making speeches all the time, the said learned doctor maintained that it was owing to the waywardness of the human mind, which delighted in flying in the face of nature, and dying in defiance of all her established rules. I replied " for my part, I held that every man had a right of dying in whatever position he pleased ; and that the mode of doing it depended altogether on the peculiar character of the person going to die. A persian could not die in peace unless he had his face turned to the east ;—a mahometan would always chose to have his

towards Mecca ; a frenchman might prefer this mode of throwing a somerset ; but mynheer Van Brumblebottom, the Roscius of Rotterdam, always chose to thunder down on his seat of honour whenever he received a mortal wound. Being a man of ponderous dimensions, this had a most electrifying effect, for the whole theatre “ shook like Olympus at the nod of Jove.” The philadelphian was immediately inspired with a pun, and swore that mynheer must be great in a dying scene, since he knew how to make the most of his *latter end*.

It is the inveterate cry of stage-criticks that an actor does not perform the character naturally, if, by chance he happens not to die exactly as they would have him. I think the exhibition of a play at Peking would suit them exactly ; and I wish with all my heart, they would go there and see one : nature is there imitated with the most scrupulous exactness in every trifling particular. Here an unhappy lady or gentleman who happens unluckily to be poisoned or stabbed, is left on the stage to writhe and groan, and make faces at the audience, until the poet pleases she should die, while the honest folks of the *dramatis personæ*, bless their hearts ! all croud round and yield most potent assistance, by crying and lamenting most vociferously ; the audience, tender souls, pull out their white pocket handkerchiefs, wipe their eyes, blow their noses, and swear it is natural as life, while the poor actor is left to die without common christian comfort. In China, on the contrary, the first thing they do, is to run for the doctor and *Tchoonc*, or notary. The audience are entertained throughout the fifth act with a learned consultation of physicians ; and if the patient must die, he does it *secundum artem*, and always is allowed time to make his will. The celebrated Chow-Chow, was the completest hand I ever saw at killing himself : he always carried under his robe a bladder of bull's blood, which, when he gave the mortal stab, spirted out to the infinite delight of the audience. Not that the ladies of China are more fond of the sight of blood than those of our own country ; on the contrary, they are remarkably sensitive in this particular ; and we are

told by the great Linkum Fidelius, that the beautiful Ninny Consequa, one of the ladies of the emperor's seraglio, once fainted away on seeing a favourite slave's nose bleed; since which time refinement has been carried to such a pitch, that a buskined hero is not allowed to run himself through the body in the face of the audience. The immortal Chow-Chow, in conformity to this absurd prejudice, whenever he plays the part of Othello, which is reckoned his master-piece, always keeps a bold front, stabs himself slily behind, and is dead before any body suspects that he has given the mortal wound.

P. S. Just as this was going to press, I was informed by Evergreen that Othello had not been performed here the lord knows when; no matter, I am not the first that has criticised a play without seeing it, and this critique will answer for the last performance, if that was a dozen years ago.

(second edition)

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum.

Psalmazar.

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. VII]

Saturday, April 4, 1807.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,
*To ASEM HACCHEM principal slave-driver to his
highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.*

I PROMISED in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am held in durance.—Though my inquiries for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results, for thou mayest easily imagine that the vision of a captive is overshadowed by the mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed.

I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government. Even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous

disquisitions on the subject ; some have insisted that it savors of an *aristocracy* ; others maintain that it is a *pure* democracy ; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more nor less than a *mobocracy*. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You of course must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the ancient greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country ; but a fool, who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain english I was but little attended to, but the moment I prosed away in greek, every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars above-mentioned, yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most *pacifick* in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance and smiling, at times, to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet our divine prophet ; and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation pacifick ! most preposterous ! it reminds me of the title assumed by the Sheck of that murderous tribe of wild arabs, that desolate the valleys of Belsaden, who styles himself **STAR OF COURTESY—BEAM OF THE MERCY SEAT !**

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character ; for, according to the best of my observation they are the most warlike, and I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war (in their own way) with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which ALLAH has denounced his malediction !

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure unadulterated LOGOCRACY or *government of words*. The whole nation does every thing *viva voce*, or by word of mouth, and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has, what is here called, the *gift of the gab*, that is a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright and is forever in a militant state. The country is intirely defended *vi et lingua*, that is to say, by *force of tongues*. The account which I lately wrote to our friend the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation ; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed, only to amuse their fair country women by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes ; and are, by way of distinction, denominated the "*defenders of the fair*."

In a logocracy thou well knowest there is little or no occasion for fire arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by *wordy battle*, and *paper war* ; he who has the longest tongue, or readiest quill, is

sure to gain the victory—will carry horror, abuse, and *ink-shed* into the very trenches of the enemy, and without mercy or remorse, put men, women, and children, to the point of the—pen !

There are still preserved in this country some remains of that gothick spirit of knight errantry, which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages of the Hegira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must necessarily, at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, incessant brawlers, similar to those, who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet.—These knights denominated editors or SLANG-WHANGERS are appointed in every town, village and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing ‘in words.’ Oh, my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast ; and I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin !

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for sometime past, in consequence of a conspiracy among the higher classes, to dethrone his highness, the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this disaffection arose

from his wearing *red breeches*. It is true the nation have long held that colour in great detestation in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the british islands. The colour, however, is again rising into favour, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw's——body. The true reason, I am told, is that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge, and in the story of Balaam's ass ;—maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy, where it is true his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence, as “ the voice of the sovereign people.” Nay, so far did he carry his obstinacy that he absolutely invited a professed *antideluvian* from the gallic empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles—and his *nose*. This was enough to set the nation in a blaze—every slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen ; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed, nor has any mercy been shown to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks on each other, and upon their respective adherents, discharging their heavy artillery consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel ! villain ! liar ! rascal ! numskull ! nincompoop ! dunderhead ! wisacre ! blockhead ! jackass ! and I do swear by my beard though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been woefully pelted ! yea, most ignominiously pelted !—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado !

Every now and then a slang-whanger, who has a longer head, or rather a *longer tongue* than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the emperor of France, the king of England, or, (wouldst thou believe it, oh, Asem) even at his sublime highness the bashaw of Tripoli! these long pieces are loaded with single ball or language, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tyger! monster! and thou mayest well suppose, they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvelously annoying to the crowned heads at which they are directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, "Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe.?"* This is sufficient to show you the manner in which these bloody, or rather *windy* fellows fight; it is the only mode allowable in a *Logocracy* or government of words. I would also observe that their civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

NOTE BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

* The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye the following anecdote, related either by Linkum Fidelius, or Josephus Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller—of facetious memory.

The captain of a slave-vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed under a palm-tree, a negro chief sitting most majestically on a stump, while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a "wheel within a wheel."

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident, than in its grand national divan, or congress, where the laws are framed; this is a blustering windy assembly where everything is carried by noise, tumult and debate, for thou must know, that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find wisdom in the multitude of counsellors but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear *themselves talk*. When the congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message (i. e. a huge mass of words—*vox et preterea nihil*) all meaning nothing; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a *long talk*, about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and here arises many disputes about the correction and alteration of "*if so be's*" and "*how so ever's*." A month,

his favourite pottage of boiled rice, which, as his imperial majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination and run down his chin. The watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these scape-grace particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question, well sir! what do they say of me in England?"

perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain ; and then another most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself ; and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntoes of *talkers*, called committees : these juntoes have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the grand divan, which forthwith falls to and *re-talks* the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now, after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarrelling, and talking is an affair of no importance, and ends intirely in smoke. May it not then be said, the whole nation have been talking to no purpose ? the people, in fact, seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favourite proverb on the subject, viz. “ all talk and no cider ; ” this is particularly applied when their congress (or assembly of all the sage chatterers of the nation) have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads. This has been the case more than once, my friend : and to let thee into a secret I have been told, in confidence, that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into congress from different parts of the empire ; who, having once got on the breeches, as thou mayest well imagine, have taken the lead in debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with

their garrulity ; for my part, as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to publick councils as old men, who possess their dispositions—they certainly are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking ; but they take so long to talk over a measure, that by the time they have determined upon adopting it, the period has elapsed which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation—thus torn to pieces by intestine talks ! never, I fear, will it be restored to tranquility and silence. Words are but breath—breath is but air ; and air put into motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatterers, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion ; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways, and their blasts counteracting each other—the mill is perplexed, the wheel stands still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestick grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz—town-meetings are immediately held, where the quidnuncs of the city repair, each like an atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock ; puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time : and after each man has shown

himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions (i. e. *words*) which were *previously prepared* for the purpose ; these resolutions are whimsically denominated the *sense* of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them—and so the matter ends.

As to his highness, the present bashaw, who is at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary better qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He *talks* of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy ; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument !—is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces—the bashaw of America—utters a *speech*. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbours, an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets—his highness of America—utters a *speech*. Are the *free* citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country and forcibly detained in the war ships of another power—his highness—utters a *speech*. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country—his highness utters a *speech*. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire—his highness utters a *speech* !—nay, more, for here he shows his “energies”—he most intrepidly dispatches a courier on horseback, and orders

him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of *proclamations* (i. e. a collection of words) packed up in his saddle bags. He is instructed to show no favour nor affection ; but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here ! it reminds me of a dunghill cock in a farm-yard, who having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling—calls around him his *hen-hearted* companions, who, run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem, Asem ! on what a prodigious great scale is every thing in this country !

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each a separate charateristick trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other :—the spaniards, for instance, may be said to *sleep* upon every affair of importance—the italians to *fiddle* upon every thing—the french to *dance* upon every thing—the germans to *smoke* upon every thing—the british islanders to *eat* upon every thing,—and the *windy* subjects of the american logocracy to *talk* upon every thing.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF
PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

How oft in musing mood my heart recalls,
From grey-beard father Time's oblivious halls,
The modes and maxims of my early day,
Long in those dark recesses stow'd away :
Drags once more to the cheerful realms of light
Those buckram fashions, long since lost in night ;
And makes, like Endor's witch, once more to rise
My grogram grandames to my raptured eyes !

Shades of my fathers ! in your pasteboard skirts,
Your broidered waistcoats and your plaited shirts,
Your formal bag-wigs—wide-extended cuffs,
Your five inch chitterlings and nine inch ruffs.
Gods ! how ye strut, at times, in all your state,
Amid the visions of my thoughtful pate !
I see ye move the solemn *minuet* o'er,
The modest foot scarce rising from the floor ;
No thundering *rigadoon* with boisterous prance,
No *pigeon-wing* disturb your *contra-dance*.
But silent, as the gentle Lethe's tide,
Adown the festive maze ye peaceful glide !

Still in my mental eye each dame appears—
Each modest beauty of departed years ;

Close by mamma I see her stately march,
Or sit, in all the majesty of starch ;
When for the dance a stranger seeks her hand
I see her doubting, hesitating, stand,
Yield to his claim with most fastidious grace,
And sigh for her *intended* in his place !

Ah golden days ! when every gentle fair
On sacred sabbath conn'd with pious care
Her holy bible, or her prayer-book o'er,
Or studied honest Bunyan's drowsy lore.
Travell'd with him the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS through,
And storm'd the famous town of MAN-SOUL too—
Beat *eye* and *ear-gate* up with thund'ring jar,
And fought triumphant through the HOLY WAR ;
Or if perchance, to lighter works inclined,
They sought with *novels* to relax the mind,
Twas GRANDISON's politely formal page,
Or CLELIA OR PAMELA were the rage.

No plays were then—theatricals were unknown—
A learned pig—a dancing monkey shown—
The feats of Punch—a cunning juggler's slight
Were sure to fill each bosom with delight.
An honest, simple, humdrum race we were,
Undazzled yet by fashion's wildering glare,

Our manners unreserved, devoid of guile,
We knew not then the modern monster *style*,
Style, that with pride each empty bosom swells,
Puffs boys to manhood, little girls to *belles*.

Scarce from the nursery freed, our gentle fair
Are yielded to the dancing-master's care ;
And ere the head one mite of sense can gain,
Are introduced mid folly's frippery train,
A stranger's grasp no longer gives alarms,
Our fair surrender to their very arms,
And in the insidious *Waltz* (1) will swim and twine
And whirl and languish tenderly divine !
Oh, how I hate this loving, hugging, dance,
This imp of Germany—brought up in France ;
Nor can I see a niece its winding trace,
But all the honest blood glows in my face.
“ Sad, sad refinement this,” I often say,
“ Tis modesty indeed refined away !
“ Let France its whim, its sparkling wit supply,
“ The easy grace that captivates the eye,
“ But curse their *Waltz*—their loose lascivious arts,
“ That smooth our manners, to corrupt our hearts ! (2)
Where now those books, from which in days of yore
Our mothers gained their literary store ?

Alas ! stiff skirted Grandison gives place
To novels of a new and *rakish* race ;
And honest Bunyan's pious dreaming lore,
To the lascivious rhapsodies of MOORE.

And, last of all, behold the mimick Stage
Its morals lend to *polish* off the age,
With flimsy farce, a comedy miscall'd,
Garnish'd with vulgar cant, and proverbs bald,
With puns most puny, and a plenteous store
Of smutty jokes, to catch a gallery roar.
Or see, more fatal, graced with every art
To charm and captivate the female heart,
The false, " the gallant, gay Lothario " smiles, (3)
And loudly boasts his base seductive wiles,—
In glowing colours paints Calista's wrongs,
And with voluptuous scenes the tale prolongs.
When COOPER lends his fascinating powers,
Decks vice itself in bright alluring flowers,
Pleased with his manly grace, his youthful fire
Our fair are lured the villain to admire ;
While humbler virtue, like a stalking horse,
Struts clumsily and croaks in honest MORSE.

Ah, hapless days ! when trials thus combined,
In pleasing garb assail the female mind ;

When every smooth insidious snare is spread
 To sap the morals and delude the head!
 Not Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego,
 To prove their faith and virtue here below,
 Could more an angel's helping hand require
 To guide their steps uninjured through the fire,
 Where had but heaven its guardian aid deny'd,
 The holy trio in the proof had died.
 If, then, *their* manly vigour sought supplies
 From the bright stranger in celestial guise,
 Alas ! can we from feebler natures claim,
 To brave seduction's ordeal, free from blame :
 To pass through fire unhurt like golden ore,
 Though ANGEL MISSIONS bless the earth no more !

NOTES, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

1 *Waltz*] As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in "gestick lore," are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavour to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut when from under their guardian wings.

On a signal being given by the musick, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist—the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about and about, and about—"about what, sir?"—about the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step: and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been pos-

sitively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvellously agreeable. In the course of this circumnavigation, the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative situations——now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence, and anon, the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist with most ingenuous modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs.

After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, *et cetera*, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with "eyes upraised," in most bewitching languor petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder, their arms intwine in a thousand seducing mischievous curves——dont be alarmed, madam——closer and closer they approach each other, and in conclusion, the parties being overcome with extatick fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then——"Well, sir! and what then?"——lord, madam, how should I know!

2] My friend Pindar, and in fact our whole junto, has been accused of an unreasonable hostility to the french nation: and I am informed by a parisian correspondent, that our first number played the very devil in the court of St. Cloud. His Imperial majesty got into a most outrageous passion, and being withal a waspish little gentleman, had nearly kicked his bosom friend, Talleyrand, out of the cabinet, in the paroxisms of his wrath. He insisted upon it that the nation was assailed in its most vital part; being, like Achilles, extremely sensitive to any attacks upon the *heel*. When my correspondent sent off his dispatches, it was still in doubt what measures would be adopted; but it was strongly suspected that vehement representations would be made to our government. Willing, therefore, to save our executive from any embarrassment on the subject, and a-

bove all, from the disagreeable alternative of sending an *apology* by the *HORNET*, we do assure Mr. Jefferson, that there is nothing farther from our thoughts than the subversion of the gallick empire, or any attack on the interests, tranquility, or reputation of the nation at large, which we seriously declare possesses the highest rank in our estimation. Nothing less than the national welfare could have induced us to trouble ourselves with this explanation; and in the name of the *junto*, I once more declare, that when we toast a frenchman, we merely mean one of these *inconnus*, who swarmed to this country, from the kitchens and barber's shops of Nantz, Bordeaux and Marseilles—played game of *leap frog*, at all our balls and assemblies—set this unhappy town *hopping mad*—and passed themselves off on our tender-hearted damsels for *unfortunate noblemen*—ruined in the revolution! such only can wince at the lash, and accuse us of severity; and we should be mortified in the extreme if they did not feel our well intended castigation.

3 *Fair Penitent*] The story of this play, if told in its native language, would exhibit a scene of guilt and shame, which no modest ear could listen to without shrinking with disgust; but, arrayed as it is in all the splendour of harmonious, rich, and polished verse, it steals into the heart like some gay luxurious smooth-faced villain, and betrays it insensibly to immorality and vice; our very sympathy is enlisted on the side of guilt; and the piety of Altamont, and the gentleness of Lavinia, are lost in the splendid debaucherie of the “gallant gay Lothario,” and the blustering, hollow repentance of the fair Calista, whose sorrow reminds us of that of Pope's Heloise—“I mourn the lover, not lament the fault.” Nothing is more easy than to banish such plays from our stage. Were our ladies, instead of crowding to see them again and again repeated, to discourage their exhibition by absence, the stage would soon be indeed the school of morality, and the number of “Fair Penitents,” in all probability, diminish.

(second edition)

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and roasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. VIII.] *Saturday, April 18, 1807.*

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

*“In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou’rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee—nor without thee.”*

“NEVER, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has there been known a more backward spring.” This is the universal remark among the almanack quidnuncs, and weather wiseacres of the day; and I have heard it at least fifty-five times from old mrs. Cockloft, who, poor woman, is one of those walking almanacks that foretel every snow, rain, or frost by the shooting of corns, a pain in the bones, or an “ugly stitch in the side.” I do not recollect, in the whole course of my life, to have seen the month of March indulge in such untoward capers, caprices and coquetries as it has done this year: I might have forgiven these vagaries, had they not completely knocked up my friend Langstaff,

whose feelings are ever at the mercy of a weather-cock ; whose spirits sink and rise with the mercury of a barometer, and to whom an east wind is as obnoxious as a sicilian *sirocco*. He was tempted some time since, by the fineness of the weather, to dress himself with more than ordinary care, and take his morning stroll ; but, before he had half finished his perigrination, he was utterly discomfited, and driven home by a tremendous squall of wind, hail, rain and snow, or as he testily termed it “ a most villanous congregation of vapours.”

This was too much for the patience of friend Launcelot ; he declared he would humour the weather no longer in its whim-whams, and, according to his immemorial custom on these occasions, retreated in high dudgeon to his elbow-chair ; to lie in of the spleen, and rail at nature for being so fantastical :—“ confound the jade,” he frequently exclaims, “ what a pity nature had not been of the masculine instead of the feminine gender, the almanack makers might then have calculated with some degree of certainty.”

When Langstaff invests himself with the spleen, and gives audience to the blue devils from his elbow-chair, I would not advise any of his friends to come within gunshot of his citadel, with the benevolent purpose of administering consolation or amusement ; for he is then as crusty and crabbed as that famous coiner of false money, Diogenes himself. Indeed his room is at such times inaccessible, and old Pompey is the only soul that can gain admission or ask a question with impunity : the truth is, that on these occasions, there is not a straw's difference between them, for Pompey is as grum and grim and cynical as his master.

Launcelot has now been above three weeks in this desolate situation, and has therefore had but little to do in our last number. As he could not be prevailed on to give any account of himself in our introduction, I will take the opportunity of his confinement, while his back is turned, to give a slight sketch of his character—fertile in whim-whams and bachelorism, but rich in many of the sterling qualities of our nature. Annexed to this article our readers will perceive a striking likeness of my friend which was taken by that cunning rogue Will Wizard, who peeped through the key-hole and sketched it off, as honest Launcelot sat by the fire, wrapped up in his flannel *robe de chambre*, and indulging in a mortal fit of the *hys*. Now take my word for it, gentle reader, this is the most auspicious moment in which to touch off the phiz of a genuine humourist.

Of the antiquity of the Langstaff family I can say but little, except that I have no doubt it is equal to that of most families who have the privilege of making their own pedigree, without the impertinent interposition of a college of heralds. My friend Launcelot is not a man to *blazon* any thing ; but I have heard him talk with great complacency of his ancestor, SIR ROWLAND, who was a dashing buck in the days of Hardiknute, and broke the head of a gigantick dane at a game of quarter-staff in presence of the whole court. In memory of this gallant exploit sir Rowland was permitted to take the name of *Langstoffe* ; and to assume, as a crest to his arms, a hand grasping a cudgel. It is however a foible so ridiculously common in this country, for people to claim consanguinity with all the great personages of their own

name in Europe, that I should put but little faith in this family boast of friend Langstaff, did I not know him to be a man of most unquestionable veracity.

The whole world knows already that my friend is a bachelor ; for he is, or pretends to be, exceedingly proud of his personal independence and takes care to make it known in all companies where strangers are present. He is forever vaunting the precious state of “ single blessedness ; ” and was, not long ago, considerably startled at a proposition of one of his great favourites, miss Sophy Sparkle, “ that old bachelors should be taxed as luxuries.” Launcelot immediately hied him home and wrote a tremendous long representation in their behalf, which I am resolved to publish if it is ever attempted to carry the measure into operation. Whether he is sincere in these professions ; or whether his present situation is owing to choice or disappointment, he only can tell ; but if he ever does tell, I will suffer myself to be shot by the first lady’s eye that can twang an arrow. In his youth he was forever in love ; but it was his misfortune to be continually crossed and rivalled by his bosom friend and contemporary beau, Pindar Cockloft esq. For, as Langstaff never made a confidant on these occasions, his friend never knew which way his affections pointed ; and so, between them both, the lady generally slipped through their fingers.

It has ever been the misfortune of Launcelot that he could not, for the soul of him, restrain a *good thing* ; and this fatality has drawn upon him the ill-will of many whom he would not have offended for the world. With the kindest heart under heaven, and the most benevolent disposition to

wards every being around him, he has been continually betrayed by the mischievous vivacity of his fancy, and the good-humoured waggery of his feelings, into satirical sallies which have been treasured up by the invidious and retailed out with the bitter sneer of malevolence, instead of the playful hilarity of countenance which originally sweetened and tempered and disarmed them of their sting. These misrepresentations have gained him many reproaches and lost him many a friend.

This unlucky characteristick played the mischief with him in one of his love affairs. He was, as I have before observed, often opposed in his gallantries by that formidable rival, Pindar Cockloft, esq.—and a most formidable rival he was ; for he had Apollo, the nine muses, together with all the joint tenants of Olympus to back him ; and every body knows what important confederates they are to a lover. Poor Launcelot stood no chance—the lady was cooped up in the poet's corner of every weekly paper ; and at length Pindar attacked her with a *sonnet* that took up a whole column, in which he enumerated at least a dozen cardinal virtues together with innumerable others of inferior consideration. Launcelot saw his case was desperate, and that unless he sat down forthwith, be-cherubim'd, and be-angel'd, her to the skies, and put every virtue under the sun in requisition, he might as well go hang himself and so make an end of the business. At it, therefore, he went and was going on very swimmingly ; for, in the space of a dozen lines, he had enlisted under her command at least three score and ten substantial house-keeping virtues ; when unluckily for Launcelot's reputation as a poet and the lady's as

a saint, one of those confounded *good thoughts* struck his laughter-loving brain—it was irresistible—away he went full speed before the wind, cutting and slashing, and tickled to death with his own fun : the consequence was, that by the time he had finished, never was poor lady so most ludicrously lampooned since lampooning came into fashion. But this was not half—so hugely was Launcelot pleased with this frolick of his wits that nothing would do but he must show it to the lady ; who, as well she might, was mortally offended and forbid him her presence. My friend was in despair ; but through the interference of his generous rival, was permitted to make his apology, which however most unluckily happened to be rather worse than the original offence ; for though he had studied an eloquent compliment, yet, as ill-luck would have it, a most preposterous whim-wham knocked at his pericranium, and inspired him to say some consummate *good things*, which all put together amounted to a downright *hoax* ; and provoked the lady's wrath to such a degree that sentence of eternal banishment was awarded against him.

Launcelot was inconsolable, and determined in the true style of novel heroicks to make the tour of Europe, and endeavour to lose the recollection of this misfortune amongst the gaieties of France, and the classick charms of Italy ; he accordingly took passage in a vessel and pursued his voyage, prosperously, as far as Sandy-Hook, where he was seized with a violent fit of sea-sickness ; at which he was so affronted that he put his portmanteau into the first pilot-boat, and returned to town completely cured of his love and his rage for travelling.

I pass over the subsequent amours of my friend

Langstaff, being but little acquainted with them ; for, as I have already mentioned, he never was known to make a confidant of any body. He always affirmed a man must be a fool to fall in love, but an ideot to boast of it—ever denominated it the *villanous passion*—lamented that it could not be cudgelled out of the human heart—and yet could no more live without being in love with somebody or other than he could without whims.

My friend Launcelot is a man of excessive irritability of nerve ; and I am acquainted with no one so susceptible of the petty “ miseries of human life :” yet its keener evils and misfortunes he bears without shrinking ; and however they may prey in secret on his happiness, he never complains. This was strikingly evinced in an affair where his heart was deeply and irrevocably concerned, and in which his success was ruined by one for whom he had long cherished a warm friendship. The circumstance cut poor Langstaff to the very soul ; he was not seen in company for months afterwards, and for a long time he seemed to retire within himself and battle with the poignancy of his feelings ; but not a murmur or a reproach was heard to fall from his lips ; though, at the mention of his friend’s name, a shade of melancholy might be observed stealing across his face ; and his voice assumed a touching tone that seemed to say, he remembered his treachery “ more in sorrow than in anger.” This affair has given a slight tinge of sadness to his disposition, which however does not prevent his entering into the amusements of the world ; the only effect it occasions is, that you may occasionally observe him at the end of a lively conversation sink for

a few minutes into an apparent forgetfulness of surrounding objects ; during which time he seems to be indulging in some melancholy retrospection.

Langstaff inherited from his father a love of literature, a disposition for *castle building*, a mortal enmity to noise, a sovereign antipathy to cold weather and brooms, and a plentiful stock of whims. From the delicacy of his nerves he is peculiarly sensible to discordant sounds ; the rattling of a wheelbarrow is "horrible," the noise of children "drives him distracted ;" and he once left excellent lodgings merely because the lady of the house wore high-heeled shoes, in which she clattered up and down stairs, till, to use his own emphatick expression "they made life loathsome" to him. He suffers annual martyrdom from the razor-edged zephyrs of our "balmy spring," and solemnly declares that the boasted month of May has become a perfect "vagabond." As some people have a great antipathy to cats, and can tell when one is locked up in a closet ; so Launcelot declares his feelings always announce to him the neighbourhood of a broom a household implement, which he abominates above all others. Nor is there any living animal in the world that he holds in more utter abhorrence than what is usually termed a *notable housewife*, a pestilent being, who he protests, is the bane of good fellowship, and has a heavy charge to answer for the many offences committed against the ease comfort, and social enjoyments of sovereign man. He told me, not long ago, "that he had rather see one of the weird sisters flourish through his key-hole on a broomstick, than one of the servant maids enter the door with a *besom*."

My friend Langstaff is ardent and sincere in his

attachments, which are confined to a chosen few, in whose society he loves to give free scope to his whimsical imagination ; he, however, mingles freely with the world though more as a spectator than an actor ; and without an anxiety or hardly a desire to please, is generally received with welcome and listened to with complacency. When he extends his hand it is in a free, open, liberal style ; and when you shake it you feel his honest heart throb in its pulsations. Though rather fond of gay exhibitions, he does not appear so frequently at balls and assemblies, since the introduction of the drum, trumpet and tamborine ; all of which he abhors on account of the rude attacks they make on his organs of hearing—in short, such is his antipathy to noise, that though exceedingly patriotick, yet he retreats every Fourth of July to Cockloft-Hall, in order to get out of the way of the hub-bub and confusion, which make so considerable a part of the pleasure of that splendid anniversary.

I intend this article as a mere sketch of Langstaff's multifarious character ;—his innumerable whim-whams will be exhibited by himself, in the course of this work, in all their strange varieties ; and the machinery of his mind, more intricate than the most subtle piece of clock-work, be fully explained. And trust me, gentlefolk, his are the whim-whams of a courteous gentleman, full of most excellent qualities ; honourable in his disposition, independent in his sentiments, and of unbounded good nature, as may be seen through all his works.

ON STYLE.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

STYLE, *a manner of writing ; title ; pin of a dial ;
the pistil of plants.* JOHNSON.

STYLE *is.....style.* LINKUM FIDELIUS.

Now I would not give a straw for either of the above definitions, though I think the latter is by far the most satisfactory ; and I do wish sincerely every modern numskull who takes hold of a subject he knows nothing about, would adopt honest Linkum's mode of explanation. Blair's Lectures on this article have not thrown a whit more light on the subject of my inquiries—they puzzled me just as much as did the learned and laborious expositions and illustrations of the worthy professor of our college, in the middle of which I generally had the ill luck to fall asleep.

This same word *style*, though but a diminutive word, assumes to itself more contradictions, and significations, and eccentricities, than any monosyllable in the language is legitimately entitled to. It is an arrant little humourist of a word, and full of whim-whams, which occasions me to like it hugely : but it puzzled me most wickedly on my first return from a long residence abroad, having crept into fashionable use during my absence ; and had it not been for friend Evergreen, and that thrifty sprig of knowledge Jeremy Cockloft the younger, I should have remained to this day ignorant of its meaning.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom style, yet, in almost all of them, there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence ; and every different class, like the pagan nations, adore it under a different form. In England, for instance, an honest cit packs up himself, his family and his style in a buggy or tim-whiskey, and rattles away on Sunday with his fair partner blooming beside him, like an eastern bride, and two chubby children, squatting like chinese images at his feet, A baronet requires a chariot and

pair—a lord must needs have a barouche and four;—but a duke—oh! a duke cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six and a half score of footmen into the bargain. In China a puissant mandarine loads at least three elephants with style; and an overgrown sheep at the Cape of Good-Hope, trails along his tail and his style on a wheelbarrow. In Egypt, or at Constantinople, style consists in the quantity of fur and fine clothes a lady can put on without danger of suffocation—here it is otherwise, and consists in the quantity she can put off without the risk of freezing. A chinese lady is thought prodigal of her charms, if she exposes the tip of her nose, or the ends of her fingers, to the ardent gaze of bye standers: and I recollect that all Canton was in a buzz in consequence of the great bell miss Nang-fou's peeping out of the window with her face uncovered! Here the style is to show not only the face, but the neck, shoulders, &c.; and a lady never presumes to hide them except when she is *not at home* and not sufficiently *undress'd* to see company.

This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a worthy household; for no sooner do they set up for style, but instantly all the honest old comfortable *sans ceremonie* furniture is discarded, and you stalk cautiously about amongst the uncomfortable splendour of grecian chairs, egyptian tables, turkey carpets, and etruscan vases. This vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestick establishment; and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience, now imploy half a dozen for style.

BELLBRAZEN, late favourite of my unfortunate friend Dessalines, was one of these patterns of style, and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana. She was once seized with a whim-wham that tickled the whole court. She could not lay down to take an afternoon's loll but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered. The thing *took*—it became the *rage*, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insist-

ed upon being fanned, and scratched, and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townswomen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd!

Style, according to Evergreen's account, consists in certain fashions, or certain eccentricities, or certain manners of certain people, in certain situations, and possessed of a certain share of fashion or importance. A red cloak, for instance, on the shoulders of an old market-woman is regarded with contempt, it is vulgar, it is odious:—fling however, its usurping rival, a red shawl, over the fine figure of a fashionable belle, and let her flame away with it in Broadway, or in a ball-room, and it is immediately declared to be the *style*.

The modes of attaining this *certain situation* which entitles its holder to style, are various and opposite: the most ostensible is the attainment of wealth; the possession of which changes, at once, the pert airs of vulgar ignorance into fashionable ease and elegant vivacity. It is highly amusing to observe the gradations of a family aspiring to style, and the devious windings they pursue in order to attain it. While beating up against wind and tide they are the most complaisant beings in the world—they keep “booing and booing,” as M'Sycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright; they kiss their hands to every body who has the least claim to style—their familiarity is intolerable, and they absolutely overwhelm you with their friendship and loving kindness. But having once gained the envied pre-eminence, never were beings in the world more changed. They assume the most intolerable caprices; at one time address you with importunate sociability, at another pass you by with silent indifference; sometimes sit up in their chairs in all the majesty of dignified silence, and at another time bounce about with all the obstreperous ill-bred noise of a little hoyden just broke loose from a boarding-school.

Another feature which distinguishes these new made fashionables, is the inveteracy with which they look down upon the honest people who are struggling to climb up the same envied height. They never fail to

salute them with the most sarcastick reflections ; and like so many worthy hod-men clambering a ladder, each one looks down upon his next neighbour below and makes no scruple of shaking the dust off his shoes into his eyes. Thus by dint of perseverance, merely, they come to be considered as established denizens of the great world : as in some barbarous nations an oystershell is of sterling value, and a copper washed counter will pass current for genuine gold.

In no instance have I seen this grasping after style more whimsically exhibited than in the family of my old acquaintance TIMOTHY GIBLET. I recollect old Giblet when I was a boy, and he was the most surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He was a perfect scare crow to the *small fry* of the day, and inherited the hatred of all these unlucky little shavers ; for never could we assemble about his door of an evening to play and make a little hub-bub but out he sallied from his nest like a spider, flourished his formidable horse whip, and dispersed the whole crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly remember a bill he sent in to my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broken, which came well nigh getting me a sound flogging ; and I remember, as perfectly, that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half a dozen. Giblet was as arrant a grubworm as ever crawled ; and the only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for, were the rules of multiplication and addition which he practised much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true *golden rules*, and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetick in the hands of his children before they had read ten pages in the bible or the prayer book. The practise of these favourite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success ; and after a life of incessant self-denial, and starvation ; and after enduring all the pounds, shillings and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a *plum*, and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial, of their father in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for *style*, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried; and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they cracked about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a firework. I can liken their sudden *eclat* to nothing but that of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases and swells up to maturity, and after feeling for a moment the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters and rattles, and buzzes from every tree. The little warblers who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes, are stunned by the discordant racket of these upstart intruders, and contemplate in contemptuous silence their tinsel and their noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career until they had run their full course and arrived at the very tip-top of *style*. Every tailor, every shoe-maker, every coachmaker, every milliner, every mantuamaker, every paper-hanger, every piano teacher, and every dancing master in the city were enlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call, and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the Waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder french, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colours equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease, and grace, and *modesty* as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places, but nobody noticed them except to honour them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except

the tailors and the milliners who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets there-upon being like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever; they gave dinners, and they gave balls; they hired cooks, they hired fiddlers, they hired confectioners; and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men and the dancing women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense: and the dancing men and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers did come, and they did *make merry* at their expense; and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers!

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life;—such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! the Giblets were seen here and there and every where—they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblets family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being forever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them, of being squeezed and smothered and parboiled at nightly balls and evening tea-parties—they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed—they turned their noses up in the wind at every thing that was not genteel, and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the *style*.

“ ——— Being, as it were, a small contentement in a never contenting subjecte; a bitter pleasaunte taste of a sweete seasoned sower; and, all in all, a more than ordinarie rejoycing, in an extraordinarie sorrowe of delyghts !” Link. f'id.

We have been considerably edified of late by several letters of advice from a number of sage correspondents, who really seem to know more about our work than we do ourselves. One warns us against saying any thing more about SNIVERS, who is a very particular friend of the writer, and who has a singular disinclination to be laughed at. This correspondent in particular inveighs against personalities, and accuses us of ill-nature in bringing forward old Fungus and Billy Dimple, as figures of fun to amuse the publick. Another gentleman, who states that he is a near relation of the Cockloft's, proses away most soporifically on the impropriety of ridiculing a respectable old family, and declares, that if we make them and their whim-whams the subject of any more essays, he shall be under the necessity of applying to our theatrical champions for satisfaction. A third, who by the crabbedness of the handwriting and a few careless inaccuracies in the spelling, appears to be a lady, assures us that the miss Cockloft's, and miss Diana Wearwell, and miss Dashaway, and mrs. ———, Will Wizard's quandam flame, are so much obliged to us for our notice, that they intend in future to take no notice of us at all, but leave us out of all their tea-parties; for which we make them one of our best bows, and say, “thank you, ladies.”

We wish to heaven these good people would attend to their own affairs, if they have any to attend to, and let us alone. It is one of the most provoking things in the world that we cannot tickle the publick a little, merely for our own private amusement, but we must be crossed and jostled by these meddling incendiaries, and in fact have the whole town about our ears. We are much in the same situation with an unlucky blade of a cockney, who having mounted his bit of blood to enjoy a little innocent recreation, and display his horsemanship along Broadway, is worried by all those little

yelping curs that infest our city, and who never fail to sally out and growl, and bark, and snarl, to the great annoyance of the Birmingham equestrian,

Wisely was it said by the sage Linkum Fidelius, "howbeit, moreover, neverthelesse, this thrice wicked towne is charged up to the muzzle with all manner of ill-natures and uncharitablenesses, and is moreover exceedingly lie naughtie." This passage of the erudite Linkum was applied to the city of Gotham, of which he was once lord mayor as appears by his picture hung up in the hall of that ancient city—but his observation fits this best of all possible cities "to a hair." It is a melancholy truth that this same New-York, though the most charming pleasant, polished, and praise-worthy city under the sun, and in a word the *bonne bouche* of the universe, is most shockingly ill-natured and sarcastick, and wickedly given to all manner of backslidings—for which we are very sorry indeed. In truth, for it must come out like murder one time or other, the inhabitants are not only ill-natured, but manifestly unjust: no sooner do they get one of our random sketches in their hands. but instantly they apply it most unjustifiably to some "dear friend," and then accuse us vociferously of the personality which originated in their own officious *friendship*! Truly it is an ill-natured town. and most earnestly do we hope it may not meet with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

As, however, it may be thought incumbent upon us to make some apology for these mistakes of the town, and as our good nature is truly exemplary, we would certainly answer this expectation were it not that we have an invincible antipathy to making apologies. We have a most profound contempt for any man who cannot give three good reasons for an unreasonable thing: and will therefore condescend, as usual, to give the publick three special reasons for never apologizing—first, an apology implies that we are accountable to some body or another for our conduct—now as we do not care a fiddle-stick, as authors, for either publick opinion or private ill will, it would be implying a falsehood to apologize:—second, an apology would indicate that we had been

doing what we ought not to have done. Now as we never did nor ever intend to do any thing wrong, it would be ridiculous to make an apology:—third, we labour under the same incapacity in the art of apologizing that lost Langstaff his mistress—we never yet undertook to make apology without committing a new offence and making matters ten times worse than they were before; and we are, therefore, determined to avoid such predicaments in future.

But though we have resolved never to apologize, yet we have no particular objection to explain, and if this is all that's wanted, we will go about it directly:—*allons, gentlemen!*—before, however, we enter upon this serious affair, we take this opportunity to express our surprize and indignation at the incredulity of some people. Have we not, over and over, assured the town that we are three of the best natured fellows living? And is it not astonishing that having already given seven convincing proofs of the truth of this assurance, they should still have any doubts on the subject? but as it is one of the impossible things to make a knave believe in honesty, so perhaps, it may be another to make this most sarcastick, satirical, and tea-drinking city believe in the existence of good-nature. But to our explanation.—Gentle reader! for we are convinced that none but gentle or genteel readers can relish our excellent productions—if thou art in expectation of being perfectly satisfied with what we are about to say, thou mayest as well “*whistle lillebullero*” and skip quite over what follows, for never wight was more disappointed than thou wilt be most assuredly.—But to the explanation: We care just as much about the publick and its wise conjectures, as we do about the man in the moon and his whim-whams, or the criticisms of the lady who sits majestically in her elbow-chair in the lobster, and who, belying her sex, as we are credibly informed, never says any thing worth listening to. We have launched our bark, and we will steer to our destined port with undeviating perseverance, fearless of being shipwrecked by the way. *Good-nature* is our steersman, *reason* our ballast, *whim* the breeze that wafis us along, and *MORALITY* our leading star.

(second edition)

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. IX] *Saturday, April 25, 1807.*

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

IT in some measure jumps with my humour to be "melancholy and gentleman-like," this stormy night, and I see no reason why I should not indulge myself for once.—Away, then, with joke, with fun and laughter for a while; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good AUNT CHARITY—who died of a frenchman!

Stare not, oh most dubious reader at the mention of a complaint so uncommon; grievously hath it afflicted the ancient family of the Cocklofts, who carry their absurd antipathy to the french so far, that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house: and my good old friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft-hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighbouring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his

whim-wham into effect, had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their tents, and, like a troop of wandering arabs, to march off towards a moister part of the country.

My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens, she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty—though I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome: on the contrary Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that if she had been possessed of the least sensibility she would, like poor old *Acco*, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation and, for a moment, assumed the brilliancy of diamonds: In those days the person of a belle was sacred; it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger——simple souls! they had not the *Waltz* among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy, and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it

than it was worth ; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to Kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on miss Charity Cockloft, who, after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow-bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty and an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alledged was that she never met with a lover who resembled sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy ; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that for many years previous to her decease, she declined all attentions from the gentlemen and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was indeed, observed to take a considerable lean towards methodism, was frequent in her attendance at love-feasts, read Whitfield and Westly, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five and twenty miles, to be present at a camp meeting. This gave great offence to my cousin Christopher and his good lady who, as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox ; and had not my aunt Charity been of a most pacifick disposition, her religious whim-wham would have occasioned many a family altercation. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted ; a lady

of unbounded loving kindness, which extended to man, woman and child, many of whom she almost killed with good-nature. Was any acquaintance sick? in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat; my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, *to keep up their spirits*. The whole catalogue of *yerb teas* was at her fingers' ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle *balm*; and she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoarhound, catnip, and penny-royal. Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity, he was sure, willy nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her *materia-medica*. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy, for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year, and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce with more certainty at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese, as an abominable slander on her favourite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the american philosophical society. *Hutchin's Improved* was her favourite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns and consumptions.

But the truth must be told—with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex—it was **CURIOSITY**. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body's character, business, and mode of living, she was forever prying into the affairs of her neighbours, and got a great deal of ill will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would, forthwith, set off full sail and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got “to the bottom of it,” which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable ; and she hardly slept a wink all night for fear her bosom-friend **MRS. SIPKINS**, should get the start of her in the morning and blow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good natured things said about every body, and this unfortunate rivalship at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours that morning before her usual time ; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of

her dear friend.—Would you believe it !—wherever she went mrs. Sipkins had anticipated her : and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and open-mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions, alterations and amendments !—Now this was too bad ; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint—it was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed for three days afterwards, with a cold as she pretended ; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of mrs. Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, checquered with the various calamities and misfortunes and mortifications, incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestick cares of the whole community upon their minds ; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicksome malice the fates had ordered that a french boarding-house, or *Pension Francaise*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event ! unhappy aunt Charity !—it threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the *fidgets* ; she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight than she was at the beginning : she thought that *neighbour Pension* had a monstrous large family, and some how or other they were all men ! she could not imagine what business *neighbour Pension* followed to support so numerous a household, and *wondered* why there was always such a

scraping of fiddles in the parlour, and such a smell of onions from neighbour Pension's kitchen ; in short, neighbour Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever fail'd "to get at the bottom of a thing," and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferretted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood french, but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain english ; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn french.

My aunt Charity had lived at her window for some time in vain, when one day as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched up cocked hat ; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, band-boxes, *bidets*, medicine-chests, parrots and monkeys, and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black nosed pug dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's afflictions ; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great display ; what he could possibly do with so much baggage,

and particularly with his parrots and monkeys ; or how so small a carcase could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul ! she had never had a peep into a frenchman's wardrobe, that *depot* of old coats, hats and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival my poor aunt was in a quandary—all her inquiries were fruitless ; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger ; she never held up her head afterwards—drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in “one little month” I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that has died of a whim-wham !

Take warning, my fair country women ! and you, oh ye excellent ladies—whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household—who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own—remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

I find, by perusal of our last number, that WILL WIZARD and EVERGREEN, taking advantage of my confinement, have been playing some of their confounded gambols. I suspected these rogues of some mal-practises, in consequence of their queer looks and knowing winks whenever I came down to dinner, and of their not showing their faces at old Cockloft's for several days after the appearance of

their precious effusions. Whenever these two wag-gish fellows lay their heads together, there is always sure to be hatched some notable piece of mischief, which, if it tickles nobody else, is sure to make its authors merry. The publick will take notice that, for the purpose of teaching these my associates better manners, and punishing them for their high misdemeanours, I have by virtue of my authority suspended them from all interference in Salmagundi; until they show a proper degree of repentance, or I get tired of supporting the burthen of the work myself. I am sorry for Will, who is already sufficiently mortified, in not daring to come to the old house and tell his long stories and smoke his cygarr; but Evergreen being an old beau, may solace himself in his disgrace by trimming up all his old finery and making love to the little girls.

At present my right hand man is cousin Pindar, whom I have taken into high favour. He came home the other night all in a blaze like a sky-rocket—whisked up to his room in a paroxysm of poetick inspiration, nor did we see any thing of him until late the next morning, when he bounced upon us at breakfast—

“ Fire in each eye—and paper in each hand.”

This is just the way with Pindar: he is like a volcano, will remain for a long time silent without emitting a single spark, and then all at once burst out in a tremendous explosion of rhyme and rhapsody.

As the letters of my friend Mustapha seem to excite considerable curiosity, I have subjoined another. I do not vouch for the justice of his remarks, or the correctness of his conclusions;

they are full of the blunders and errors into which strangers continually indulge, who pretend to give an account of this country, before they well know the geography of the street in which they live. The copies of my friend's papers being confused and without date, I cannot pretend to give them in systematick order—in fact they seem now and then to treat of matters which have occurred since his departure : whether these are sly interpolations of that meddlesome wight Will Wizard ; or whether honest Mustapha was gifted with the spirit of prophecy or second sight, I neither know—nor in fact do I care. The following seems to have been written when the tripolitan prisoners were so much annoyed by the ragged state of their wardrobe. Mustapha feelingly depicts the embarrassments of his situation, travellerlike, makes an easy transition from his breeches to the seat of government, and incontinently abuses the whole administration ; like a sapient traveller I once knew, who damned the french nation *in toto*—because they eat sugar with green peas.

LETTER

From MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, captain of a ketch, to ASEM HACCHEM, principal slave-driver to his highness the bashaw of Tripoli.

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Sweet, oh, ASEM ! is the memory of distant friends ! like the mellow ray of a departed sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert, and the fair shores of

my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh—yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive ; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathises in the tear of the turban'd stranger ! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation ;—think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman ; but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind ;—who can describe the agonies of the heart ? they are mutable as the clouds of the air, they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys ? Alas ! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the sublime and invincible *captain of a ketch*, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches ! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh most grave mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied : but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban ; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts ; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by

every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! oh Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely my friend, it is the destiny of man to be forever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be concentrated to happiness.

The want of a garment thou wilt say is easily supplied, and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any tailor of the land: little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant, which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must therefore be clothed at the expense of government; that as no provision had been made by congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to *talk* over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great!—this is truly sub-

lime ! All the sages of an immense *logocracy* assembled together to talk about my breeches ! Vain mortal that I am. I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that if they made the affair a national act, my "name must of course be embodied in history," and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire !

"But pray," said I, "how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation, and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle !" "Oh," replied the officer, who acts as our slave-driver, "it all proceeds from *economy*. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his divan would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed ; the national finances squandered : not a hostile slang-whanger, throughout the logocracy, but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion ; and ten chances to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. "My good mussulman," continued he, "the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets ; and they would sooner assemble and *talk* away ten thousand dollars, then expend fifty silently out of the treasury ; such is the wonderful spirit of *economy* that pervades every branch of this government. "But," said I, "how is it possible they can spend money in talking—surely words cannot

be the current coin of this country?" "Truly," cried he, smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary or are paid *by the day*." "By the nine-hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision but the murder is out—it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for *talking*, like day labourers:" "you are mistaken," said my driver, "it is nothing but *economy*!"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word *economy* always discomfits me, and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'lantern. I have not nor perhaps ever shall acquire sufficient of the philosophick policy of this government to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man were to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his *economy*, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America, and sages of his divan.

This economick disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit, and innumerable contests of the tongue, in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually em-

ployed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! a vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggyery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more *weighty* part of the assembly, who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place, except to say *yes* and *no*. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated *orator mums*, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

In the course of debate on this momentous question the members began to wax warm, and grew to be exceeding wroth with one another, because their opponents most obstinately refused to be convinced by their arguments—or rather their *words*. The hole in the wall came well nigh producing a civil war of words throughout the empire; for, as usual in all publick questions, the whole country was divided; and the *holeans* and the *anti-holeans*, headed by their respective slang-whangers, were marshalled out in array and menaced deadly warfare. Fortunately for the publick tranquility, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant virginians, brim-full of logick and philosophy, were measuring

tongues, and sylogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan a knowing old gentleman, one night slyly sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability save his country as much money as would build a gun-boat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of *words*. As it happened only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine *not* to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior; yes, Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs, like I have sometimes seen a herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in balancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the microscopick eyes of a pismire; mole-hills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or a diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide; for my part I consider it as another proof of the *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the congress. This prolific body may not improperly be termed the "mother of inventions ;" and a most fruitful mother it is let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions—It has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy—All the old women, and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies, hurried to head quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgetting and consultation ; when after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gun-boats ! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw who has the credit of begetting them, being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind—must always keep in with the land, are continually foundering or running ashore ; and in short, are only fit for *smooth water*. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to *defend them*, and they require as much nursing as so many rickety little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage : and, perhaps from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of *economy*—By the beard of Mahomet, but this word is truly inexplicable !

To this economick body therefore was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the pleni-

tude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches ! “ Head of the immortal Amrou,” cried I, “ but this would be presumptuous to a degree—what ! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive ?” my exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants, a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee into another letter.

Fare thee well dear Asem ;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend’s return ; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers—no great Bashaw, who

bestrides a gun-boat for a hobby-horse—where the word *economy* is unknown—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation, to cut him out a pair of breeches.

ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF
PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH entered on that sober age,
When men withdraw from fashion's stage,
And leave the follies of the day,
To shape their course a graver way;
Still those gay scenes I loiter round,
In which my youth sweet transport found:
And though I feel their joys decay,
And languish every hour away,—
Yet, like an exile doomed to part,
From the dear country of his heart,
From the fair spot in which he sprung,
Where his first notes of love were sung,
Will often turn to wave the hand,
And sigh his blessings on the land.
Just so my lingering watch I keep—
Thus oft I take my farewel peep.

And, like that pilgrim who retreats
Thus lagging from his parent seats,
When the sad thought pervades his mind,
That the fair land he leaves behind
Is ravaged by a foreign foe,
Its cities waste—its temples low,
And ruined all those haunts of joy
That gave him rapture when a boy ;
Turns from it with averted eye,
And while he heaves the anguish'd sigh,
Scarce feels regret that the loved shore
Shall beam upon his sight no more :—
Just so it grieves my soul to view,
While breathing forth a fond adieu,
The innovations pride has made—
The fustian, frippery and parade,
That now usurp with mawkish *grace*
Pure tranquil pleasure's wonted place !

'Twas *joy* we look'd for in my prime—
That idol of the olden time :
When all our pastimes had the art
To please, and not mislead, the heart.
Style cursed us not,—that modern flash,—
That love of racket and of trash,
Which scares at once all feeling joys,
And drowns delight in empty noise :

Which barter friendship, mirth and truth,
The artless air—the bloom of youth,
And all those gentle sweets that swarm
Round nature in her simplest form,
For cold display—for hollow state—
The trappings of the *would be great*.

Oh ! once again those days recal,
When heart met heart in fashion's hall ;
When every honest guest would flock
To add his pleasure to the stock,
More fond his transports to express,
Than show the tinsel of his dress !
These were the times that clasped the soul
In gentle friendship's soft controul ;
Our fair ones, unprofaned by art,
Content to gain *one* honest heart,
No train of sighing swains desired—
Sought to be *loved* and not *admired*.
But now tis form—not love unites—
Tis show—not pleasure that invites.
Each seeks the ball to play the queen,
To flirt, to conquer to be *seen* ;
Each grasps at universal sway,
And reigns the idol of the day ;
Exults amid a thousand sighs,
And triumphs when a lover dies.

Each belle a rival belle surveys,
Like deadly foe with hostile gaze ;
Nor can her " dearest friend " caress,
Till she has slyly scann'd her dress ;
Ten conquests in one year will make,
And six *eternal friendships* break !

How oft I breathe the inward sigh,
And feel the dew-drop in my eye,
When I behold some beauteous frame,
Divine in every thing but name,
Just venturing, in the tender age,
On Fashion's late new-fangled stage !
Where soon the guileless heart shall cease
To beat in artlessness and peace ;
Where all the flowers of gay delight
With which youth decks its prospects bright,
Shall wither mid the cares—the strife—
The cold realities of life !

Thus lately, in my careless mood,
As I the world of fashion view'd,
While celebrating *great and small*,
That grand *solemnity*—a ball,
My roving vision chanced to light
On two sweet forms, divinely bright ;
Two sister nymphs alike in face,
In mein, in loveliness and grace ;

Twin rose-buds, bursting into bloom,
In all their brilliance and perfume ;
Like those fair forms that often beam
Upon the eastern poets dream ;
For Eden had each lovely maid
In native innocence arrayed,—
And heaven itself had almost shed
Its sacred halo round each head !

They seemed, just entering hand in hand,
To cautious tread this faëry land ;
To take a timid hasty view,
Enchanted with a scene so new ;
The modest blush, untaught by art,
Bespoke their purity of heart :
And every timid act unfurl'd
Two souls unspotted by the world.

Oh, how these strangers joy'd my sight,
And thrill'd my bosom with delight !
They brought the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth,
Recalled fair spirits into day,
That time's rough hand had swept away !
Thus the bright natives from above,
Who come on messages of love,
Will bless, at rare and distant whiles,
Our sinful dwelling by their smiles !

Oh ! my romance of youth is past,
Dear airy dreams too bright to last !
Yet when such forms as these appear,
I feel your soft remembrance here ;
For, ah ! the simple poet's heart,
On which fond love once play'd its part
Still feels the soft pulsations beat,
As loth to quit their former seat.
Just like the harp's melodious wire,
Swept by a bard with heavenly fire ;
Though ceased the loudly swelling strain
Yet sweet vibrations long remain.

Full soon I found the lovely pair
Had sprung beneath a mother's care,
Hard by a neighbouring streamlet's side,
At once its ornament and pride.
The beauteous parent's tender heart,
Had well fulfill'd its pious part ;
And like the holy man of old,
As we're by sacred writings told,
Who, when he from his pupil sped,
Pour'd two-fold blessings on his head,—
So this fond mother had imprest
Her early virtues in each breast,
And as she found her stock enlarge,
Had stampt new graces on her charge.

The fair resigned the calm retreat,
Where first their souls in concert beat,
And flew on expectation's wing,
To sip the joys of life's gay spring ;
To sport in Fashion's splendid maze,
Where friendship fades and love decays.
So two sweet wild flowers, near the side
Of some fair river's silver tide.
Pure as the gentle stream that laves
The green banks with its lucid waves,
Bloom beauteous in their native ground,
Diffusing heavenly fragrance round :
But should a vent'rous hand transfer
These blossoms to the gay parterre,
Where spite of artificial aid,
The fairest plants of nature fade ;
Though they may shine supreme awhile,
Mid *pale ones* of the stranger soil,
The tender beauties soon decay,
And their sweet fragrance dies away.

Blest spirits ! who enthroned in air,
Watch o'er the virtues of the fair,
And with angelic ken survey,
Their windings through life's checquer'd way ;
Who hover round them as they glide
Down Fashion's smooth deceitful tide,

And guard them o'er that stormy deep
Where Dissipation's tempests sweep :
Oh, make this inexperienced pair
The objects of your tenderest care !
Preserve them from the languid eye
The faded cheek—the long drawn sigh ;
And let it be your constant aim
To keep the fair ones *still the same* :
Two sister hearts unsullied, bright,
As the first beam of lucid light,
That sparkled from the youthful sun,
When first his jocund race begun.
So when these hearts shall burst their shrine,
To wing their flight to realms divine,
They may to radiant mansions rise,
Pure as when first they left the skies.



Printed by D. Longworth, at the Shakspeare-Gallery.

(second edition, revised and corrected)

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. *Psalmazar.*

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

NO. X]

Saturday, May 16, 1807.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

The long interval which has elapsed since the publication of our last number, like many other remarkable events, has given rise to much conjecture and excited considerable solicitude. It is but a day or two since I heard a knowing young gentleman observe, that he suspected Salmagundi would be a nine days wonder; and had even prophesied that the ninth would be our last effort. But the age of prophecy, as well as that of chivalry, is past; and no reasonable man should now venture to foretel aught but what he is determined to bring about himself:—he may then, if he please, monopolize prediction and be honoured as a prophet even in his own country.

Though I hold whether we write, or not write, to be none of the publick's business, yet as I have just heard of the loss of three thousand votes, at least, to the Clintonians, I feel in a remarkable dulcet humour thereupon; and will give some ac-

count of the reasons which induced us to resume our useful labours—or rather our amusements ; for if writing cost either of us a moment's labour, there is not a man but what would hang up his pen, to the great detriment of the world at large and of our publisher in particular ; who has actually bought himself a pair of trunk breeches, with the profits of our writings !!

He informs me that several persons having called last Saturday for No. X, took the disappointment so much to heart that he really apprehended some terrible catastrophe ; and one good-looking man in particular, expressed his intention of quitting the country if the work was not continued. Add to this, the town has grown quite melancholy in the last fortnight ; and several young ladies have declared in my hearing, that if another number did not make its appearance soon, they would be obliged to amuse themselves with teasing their beaux and making them miserable. Now I assure my readers there was no flattery in this ; for they no more suspected me of being Launcelot Langstaff, than they suspect me of being the emperor of China or the man in the moon.

I have also received several letters complaining of our indolent procrastination ; and one of my correspondents assures me that a number of young gentlemen, who had not read a book through since they left school, but who have taken a wonderful liking to our paper, will certainly relapse into their old habits unless we go on.

For the sake therefore of all these good people, and most especially for the satisfaction of the ladies, every one of whom we would love, if we possibly could, I have again wielded my pen, with a most hearty determination to set the whole world to

rights, to make cherubims and seraphims of all the fair ones of this enchanting town, and raise the spirits of the poor federalists, who, in truth, seem to be in a sad taking, ever since the american ticket met with the accident of being so unhappily *dished*.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

I felt myself hurt and offended by mr. Evergreen's terrible phillipick against modern musick, in No. II of your work; and was under serious apprehension that his strictures might bring the art, which I have the honour to profess, into contempt. The opinions of yourself and fraternity, appear indeed to have a wonderful effect upon the town. I am told the ladies are all employed in reading Bunyan and Pamela, and the waltz has been intirely forsaken ever since the winter balls have closed. Under these apprehensions I should have addressed you before, had I not been sedulously employed, while the theatre continued open, in supporting the astonishing variety of the orchestra, and in composing a new chime or Bob-major for Trinity-church, to be rung during the summer, beginning with *ding-dong-di-do*, instead of *di-do-ding-dong*. The citizens, especially those who live in the neighbourhood of that harmonious quarter, will no doubt be infinitely delighted with this novelty.

But to the object of this communication.—So far, sir, from agreeing with mr. Evergreen in thinking that all modern musick is but the mere dregs and drainings of the ancient, I trust, before this letter is concluded, I shall convince you and him that some of the late professors of this enchanting art have completely distanced the paltry

efforts of the ancients, and that I in particular have at length brought it almost to absolute perfection.

The greeks, simple souls ! were astonished at the powers of Orpheus, who made the woods and rocks dance to his lyre—of Amphion who converted crotchets into bricks, and quavers into mortar—and of Arion who won upon the compassion of the fishes. In the fervency of admiration their poets fabled that Apollo had lent them his lyre, and inspired them with his own spirit of harmony. What then would they have said had they witnessed the wonderful effects of my skill ? Had they heard me, in the compass of a single piece, describe in glowing notes one of the most sublime operations of nature ; and not only make inanimate objects dance, but even speak ; and not only speak, but speak in strains of exquisite harmony ?

Let me not, however, be understood to say that I am the sole author of this extraordinary improvement in the art ; for I confess, I took the hint of many of my discoveries from some of those meritorious productions that have lately come abroad and made so much noise under the title of *overtures*. From some of these, as, for instance, *Lodoiska*, and the battle of Marengo, a gentleman, or a captain in the city-militia, or an amazonian young lady, may indeed acquire a tolerable idea of military tacticks, and become very well experienced in the firing of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the rattling of drums, the whistling of fifes, braying of trumpets, groans of the dying, and trampling of calvary, without ever going to the wars ;—but it is more especially in the art of imitating inimitable things, and giving the language of every passion and sentiment of the human mind without the assistance of speech, that I particularly excel the most

celebrated musicians of ancient and modern times.

I think, sir, I may venture to say, there is not a sound in the whole compass of nature which I cannot imitate and even improve upon—nay, what I consider the perfection of my art, I have discovered a method of expressing, in the most striking manner, that undefinable, indescribable, silence which accompanies the falling of snow.

In order to satisfy you that I do not arrogate to myself what I am unable to perform, I will detail to you a few of the movements of a grand piece which I pride myself upon exceedingly, called the Breaking up of the ice in the North-river.

The piece opens with a gentle andante affetuoso, soft, sleepy, and monotonous, intended to represent a discussion in the house of assembly at Albany; which always breaks up at the same time with the river; the speaker delivers his farewell address to the tune of “oh must we part, to meet no more,” and the members wipe their eyes and blow their noses in melodious symphony. This is followed by a *hard frost*, which, if given with proper fire and animation, will make every body’s teeth chatter and their flesh creep on their bones. It is to be managed by one of our furious looking little fiddlers, flourishing his fiddlestick at the rate of one hundred and fifty bars in a minute, tearing an honest, portly, peaceable semibreve “to tatters, to very rags,” and throwing every real *amateur* into an absolute ecstasy—this being what is called *execution*. I also place great dependance for *effect*, upon a quarrel among the albanians in *dutch*. To introduce a quarrel, with perfect *harmony* and *concord*, you may think rather extravagant; but have not our enlightened audiences applauded the same, over and over

in several of those musical monsters, called melodrames, wherein they even fight to a contra-dance, stab with a crotchet, and die with a quaver ! And as to the dutch language, I have succeeded most happily in imitating it, by the assistance of a tin trumpet a cracked fiddle and a handsaw.

My second part opens with a grand musical experiment, which is nothing less than to perform a GREAT THAW !——Talk to me of your hail-storms and snow-storms, and thunder and lightning—here is something that will out-do them all—such melting airs, such soft flowing strains :—my only apprehension is from our confounded fiddlers, who have fallen of late into such an abandoned habit of sawing, and strumming, and piping “to the very top of the compass,” that they can scarcely draw a fiddlestick, without setting every nerve in your body in a tremour. Let them only acquit themselves in this part with the true *grazioso*, and they may afterwards indulge in their favourite noise to their heart’s content ; for afterwards come the bustle, the hub-bub and the *effect* of my piece—then every catgut hero is at full liberty to scrape, and saw, and quaver, and bray, and rattle, and thunder, and produce a very tempest and whirlwind of *sweet sounds*. The ice shall crash, the sleigh-bells shall jingle, the drums shall beat on Governor’s-Island, and the whole shall conclude with *the blowing up of Sands’ powder house*.

Thus, sir, you perceive what wonderful powers of expression have been hitherto locked up in this enchanting art—a whole history is here told without the aid of speech, or writing ; and provided the hearer is in the least acquainted with musick he cannot mistake a single note. As to the blowing up of the powder-house, I look upon it as a chef

d'ouvre, which I am confident will delight all modern amateurs, who very properly estimate musick in proportion to the noise it makes ; and delight in thundering, cannon and earthquakes.

I must confess, however, it is a difficult part to manage ; and I have already broken six pianoes in giving it the proper force and effect. But I do not despair, and am quite certain that by the time I have broken eight or ten more, I shall have brought it to such perfection, as to be able to teach any young lady of tolerable ear, to thunder it away to the infinite delight of papa and mamma, and the great annoyance of those vandals, who are so barbarous as to prefer the simple melody of a scots air, to the sublime effusions of modern musical doctors.

You will observe likewise, how admirably the musick of my piece is calculated to illustrate the subject—"Suit the *action* to the word, the word to the *action*," says Hamlet—"Suit the *musick* to the *fact*, the *fact* to the *musick*," say I ; and I'll be bound no melo-dramatist ever succeeded better than myself in achieving impossibilities.—Let me only have a few thorough going *amateurs* to back me, and to applaud every thing with true scientifick enthusiasm and credulity, and I have no doubt of a harvest of laurels.—Oh sir, your *men of gusto*—your men of *gusto* are invaluable ! Dramatists, picture-daubers, toad-eaters, poetasters, and musick manufacturers, might all starve or hang themselves, were it not for your *amateurs*—your *connoisseurs*, and your *men of gusto*.

In my warm anticipations of future improvement, I have sometimes almost convinced myself that musick will in time be brought to such a climax of

perfection, as to supersede the necessity of speech and writing, and every kind of social intercourse be conducted by flute and fiddle. The immense benefits that will result from this improvement must be plain to every man of the least consideration. In the present unhappy situation of mortals, a man has but one way of making himself perfectly understood—if he loses his speech, he must inevitably be dumb all the rest of his life; but having once learned this new musical language, the loss of speech will be a mere trifle; not worth a moment's uneasiness. Not only this, mr. L. but it will add much to the harmony of domestick intercourse; for it is certainly much more agreeable to hear a lady give lectures on the piano than, *viva voce*, in the usual discordant measure. This manner of discoursing may also, I think, be introduced with great effect into our national assemblies, where every man, instead of wagging his tongue, should be obliged to flourish a fiddle-stick; by which means, if he said nothing to the purpose, he would at all events “discourse most eloquent musick;” which is more than can be said of most of them at present. They might also sound their own trumpets without being obliged to a hireling scribbler for an immorality of nine days, or subjected to the censure of egotism.

But the most important result of this discovery is, that it may be applied to the establishment of that great desideratum, in the learned world, a universal language. Wherever this science of musick is cultivated, nothing more will be necessary than a knowledge of its alphabet, which being almost the same every where, will amount to a universal medium of communication. A man may thus, with his violin under his arm, a piece of rosin

and a few bundles of catgut, fiddle his way through the world, as conveniently as a savoyard in France, a bag-piper in Scotland, or a musick grinder in America.

I am, &c.

DEMY SEMIQUAVER.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

The memorandums which I published some time since from the common-place book of mr. Jeremy Cockloft, were received with universal approbation throughout the Cockloft family, and were read with peculiar delight—by his mother and himself. Old Christopher likewise betrayed great symptoms of self-congratulation on this specimen of his son's genius, and declared he had no doubt Jeremy would make a great lawyer, for he had the *gift of the gab* to perfection. This is a common notion among parents, who generally devote their most pert and forward children to the law—and hence the ingenious sophistry, the verbose wrangling, the knowing finesse, and the superlative ventosity that give such brilliancy, froth and flummery to our bar. Jeremy was so delighted with the encomiums lavished upon him, and particularly with a compliment from Will Wizard, who declared that he was as sapient as a ten-pound justice—that he put his whole budget of memorandums into my hand, with full powers to make what use of them I pleased.

The notes which follow those already published are entitled

“THE STRANGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.”

The first chapter contains an account of his route from Trenton to Philadelphia. It is, as usual, much in the style of Carr, sweetened, now and then, with

a sentimental episode, in the manner of Kotzebue; or a picturesque description, *a la Radcliffe*, wherein wood and water, and grove, and silver streams, and golden clouds are mixed up as intelligibly as in a chinese landscape on a tea-board—and now and then, he bounces upon you of a sudden with a downright——cracker, as electrifying as those of Weld, of Moore, of Parkinson or Jansen. He is extremely facetious at every tavern, and takes care that his readers shall not lose a single good saying that passed—he undertakes to explain, most learnedly, why the pennsylvanian cattle are better lodged than the farmers; and insists that they build their barns, as the old roman peasant did his trees, “for posterity and the immortal gods.” In short, he writes twenty solid pages so ingeniously that although at first sight there appears to be a world of information, yet the only real article on which we are really instructed, is, that he travelled from Trenton to Philadelphia and scribbled the whole way. The second chapter is written the day after his arrival, and I shall give it in his own words, as containing the very cream of a modern traveller’s observations on *men and manners*.

CHAPTER II.

MALADIES] Among the most prevalent maladies is the punning distemper. It is a kind of mania which seizes all classes of people, who forthwith become strangely diseased in mind, and vent their fury upon the english language, committing the most unheard of barbarities. If not speedily checked it is apt to become a confirmed complaint, and to terminate in a complete mental debility. Strangers always experience an attack of the kind on their first arrival, and undergo a *seasoning*, as

europeans do in the West-Indies. In my way from the stage-office to Renshaw's, I was accosted by a good-looking young gentleman from New-Jersey, who had caught the infection—he took me by the button and informed me of a contest that had lately taken place between a tailor and a shoemaker about I forget what ;—SNIP was pronounced a fellow of great *capability*, a man of gentlemanly *habits*, who would doubtless *suit* every body. The shoemaker *bristled* up at this, and *waxed* exceeding wroth, swore the tailor was but a *half-souled* fellow, and that it was easy to *shew* he was never *cut-out* for a gentleman. The *choler* of the tailor was up in an instant, he swore by his thimble that he would never *pocket* such an insult, but would *baste* any man who dared to repeat it——Honest CRISPIN was now worked up to his proper *pitch*, and was determined to yield the tailor no *quarters* ;—he vowed he would lose his *all* but what he would gain his *ends*. He resolutely held on to the *last*, and on his threatening to *back-strap* his adversary, the tailor was obliged to *sheer* off, declaring, at the same time, that he would have him *bound over*. The young gentleman, having finished his detail, gave a most obstreperous laugh, and hurried off to tell his story to somebody else—*licentia junica*, as Horace observes—it did my business—I went home, took to my bed, and have been ever since confined with this singular complaint.

NAME.] Having, however, looked about me with the argus eyes of a traveller I have picked up enough, in the course of my walk from the stage-office to the hotel, to give a full and impartial account of this remarkable city. According to the good old rule, I shall begin with the etymology of its name, which, according to Linkum Fidelius,

Tom. L.V. is clearly derived, either from the name of its first founder, viz. PHILO DRIPPING-PAN,* or the singular taste of the aborigines, who flourished there on his arrival. Linkum, who is as shrewd a fellow as any theorist or F. S. A. for peeping with a dark lantern into the lumber garret of antiquity, and lugging out all the trash which was left there for oblivion by our wiser ancestors, supports his opinion by a prodigious number of ingenious and inapplicable arguments ; but particularly rests his position on the known fact, that Philo Dripping-pan was remarkable for his predilection to eating, and his love to what the learned dutch call *douf*. Our erudite author likewise observes that the citizens are to this day noted for their love of “ a sop in the pan,” and their portly appearance ; “ except, indeed,” continues he, “ the young ladies, who are perfectly genteel in their dimensions”—this, however, he ill-naturedly enough attributes to their eating pickles and drinking vinegar ; not that his idea is altogether erroneous, for I am informed that the fair sex have of late years taken a wonderful fancy to *acids*, whether to improve their health, their persons, or their dispositions, is best known to themselves ; but the *effects* are known to every body. —Mem. a severe hit at skin and bone, chalky faces, *delicate* stomachs, and tart tempers.

SITUATION.] The philadelphians boast much of the situation and plan of their city ; and well may they, since it is undoubtedly as fair and square, and regular, and right-angled, as any mechanical genius could possibly have made it. I am clearly of opinion that this hum-drum regularity has a vast effect on the character of its inhabitants and even on their

* I defy any travel monger to excel friend Jeremy in forcing a derivation.

looks, "for you will observe," writes Linkum, "that they are an honest, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight forward, clockwork, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright, kind of people; who always go to work methodically, never put the cart before the horse, talk like a book, walk mathematically, never turn but in right angles, think syllogistically, and pun theoretically, according to the genuine rules of Cicero and Dean Swift;—whereas the people of New-York—heaven help them—tossed about over hills and dales, through lanes and alleys, and crooked streets—continually mounting and descending, turning and twisting—whisking off at tangents, and left-angle-triangles, just like their own queer, odd, topsy-turvy rantipole city, are the most irregular, crazy-headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whim-whamsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together in this uneven, villanous, revolving globe, and are the very antipodeans to the philadelphians."

STREETS.] The streets of Philadelphia are wide and straight, which is wisely ordered, for the inhabitants having generally crooked noses, and most commonly travelling hard after them, the good folk would undoubtedly soon *go to the wall*, in the crooked streets of our city. This fact, of the crooked noses, has not been hitherto remarked by any of our american travellers, but must strike every stranger of the least observation. In the course of my walk, however, I encountered one crooked street, whereupon "I thanked my stars and thought it luxury!" It was Dock-street, the only street in Philadelphia that bears any resemblance to New-York; and I recommend it to all my fellow-citizens, who come after me, as a promenade. How tender, how exquisite are the feelings awakened in the breast

of a traveller, when his eye encounters some object which reminds him of his far distant country ! The pensive new-yorker, having drank his glass of porter, and smoked his cygarr after dinner, (by the way I would recommend Sheaf, as selling the best in Philadelphia) may here direct his solitary steps and indulge in that mellow tenderness in which the sentimental Kotzebue erst delighted to wallow—he may recal the romantick scenery and graceful windings of Maiden-lane and Pearl-street, trace the tumultuous gutter in its harmonious meanderings, and almost fancy he beholds the moss-crowned roof of the Bear-market, or the majestick steeple of St. Paul's towering to the clouds. Perhaps, too, he may have left behind him some gentle fair one, who, all the live-long evening sits pensively at the window, leaning on her elbows, and counting the lingering, lame and broken-winded moments that so tediously lengthen the hours which seperate her from the object of her contemplation ! delightful Lethe of the soul—sunshine of existence—wife and children poking up the cheerful evening fire—paper windows, mud walls, love in a cottage—sweet sensibility—and all that.

BANK.] Every body has heard of the famous bank of Pennsylvania which, since the destruction of the tomb of Mausolus, and the colossus of Rhodes, may fairly be estimated as one of the wonders of the world. My landlord thinks it unquestionably the finest building upon earth :—but I never yet heard of a city that had not some grand architectural wonder. The people of Rome point with triumph to the church of St. Peter—the parisian boasts of the Louvre and the Thuilleries—the cockney extols St. Paul's and the monument ; and the *cicerone* of one of our little villages entertained

me lately with the ingenious construction of a new pillory and whipping-post. The poor citizens of New-York are the worst off in this particular ; for though no city in the union has expended more money on publick buildings, yet no city has less to brag of ; they console themselves, however, with boasting of what they will have—*some fifty years hence.*

COMMERCE.] Philadelphia is a place of great trade and commerce—not but that it would have been much more so, that is, had it been built on the site of New-York : but as New-York has engrossed its present situation, I think Philadelphia must be content to stand where it does at present—at any rate it is not Philadelphia's fault, nor is it any concern of mine, so I shall not make myself uneasy about the affair. Besides, to use Trim's argument, were that city to stand where New-York does, it might, perhaps, have the misfortune to be called New-York, and not Philadelphia, which would be quite another matter, and this portion of my travels had undoubtedly been smothered before it was born—which would have been a thousand pities indeed.

MANUFACTURES.] Of the manufactures of Philadelphia I can say but little, except that the people are famous for an excellent kind of confectionary, made from the drainings of sugar. The process is simple as any in mrs. Glasse's excellent and useful work, (which I hereby recommend to the fair hands of all young ladies, who are not occupied in reading Moore's poems)—you buy a pot—put your molasses in your pot—boil your molasses to a proper consistency ; but if you boil it too much it will be none the better for it—then pour it off, and let it cool, or draw it out into little pieces about

nine inches long, and put it by for use. This manufacture is called by the bostonians *lasses candy*—by the new-yorkers *cock-a-nee-nee*—but the polite philadelphians give it a name which my delicacy will not suffer me to pronounce.—There are other manufactures in Philadelphia, such as beer, ropes, jugs, mustard, critiques, glauber-salt, puns, new readings, great men, &c. but as these have been treated of by other travellers, I did not think them worthy of notice—maxim, a travel-monger should never trouble himself about any thing that will not help towards swelling his book.

FAIR SEX.] The Philadelphia ladies are some of them beautiful, some of them tolerably good looking, and some of them, to say the truth, are not at all handsome. They are, however, very agreeable in general, except those who are reckoned witty, who, if I might be allowed to speak my mind, are very disagreeable, particularly to young gentlemen who are travelling for information. Being fond of tea-parties, they are a little given to criticism—but are in general remarkably discreet, and very industrious, as I have been assured by some of my friends. Take them all in all, however, they are much inferior to the ladies of New-York, as plainly appears, from several young gentlemen having fallen in love with some of our belles, after resisting all the female attractions of Philadelphia. From this inferiority I except one, who is the most amiable, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, and the most of every thing that constitutes the divinity of woman—mem.—Venus—Paris, and *golden apple*.

AMUSEMENTS.] The character of a people is often to be learnt from their amusements; for, in the hour of mirth the mind is unrestrained and takes its natu-

ral bent. The philadelphians are fond of dancing—but in this accomplishment they are far inferior, as I am informed by sundry travellers of observation, to the beau monde of New-York. This may be ascribed to their stupidly preferring to idle away time in the cultivation of the *head* instead of the *heels*. It is a melancholy fact that a great number of young ladies in Philadelphia, whose minds are elegantly accomplished in literature, have sacrificed thereto all those valuable acquisitions, the pigeon-wing, the waltz, the cossack dance, and other matters of equal importance. Now, this is what I call an absurdity—does not an architect first attend to finishing his foundation, before he thinks of decorating the attick story; and should not the *heels*, which form the foundation of the human frame, be attended to before the *head*, which is merely the garret?—Maxim.—A bad figure will sometimes pass for a good argument. Another amusement to which the philadelphians are very much given, as has been before hinted, is the celebration of tea-parties: as these answer to european routs and *conversaziones*, they are well worthy the attention of the curious, or *lounging* traveller, who has an evening on hands—which he has no objection to waste. The philadelphians conduct them with as much gravity and decorum as they would a funeral, and very properly too, for they celebrate the obsequies of many a departed reputation. The ladies in general are disposed close together, like a setting of jewels or pearls round a locket, in all the majesty of good behaviour—and if a gentleman wishes to have a conversation with one of them, about the backwardness of the spring, the improvements in the theatre, or the merits of his horse, he is obliged to march up

in the face of such volleys of eye-shot ! such a formidable artillery of glances ! if he escapes annihilation, he should cry out a miracle ! and never encounter such deadly perils again. I remember to have once heard a very valiant british officer, who had served with great credit for some years in the train bands, declare, with a veteran oath, that sooner than encounter such deadly peril, he would fight his way clear through a London mob, though he were pelted with brick-bats all the time.

Jeremy then goes on to treat of the theatre, rope-dancing, *Spottee* the learned horse, the taverns, the watch-house and several other places of amusement and polite resort ; and ends this chapter with a most unmeasurable paragraph, entitled MYSELF. As an apology, he observes, that Carr, Weld, Kotzebue, and other learned travellers, have scattered their innumerable egotisms throughout their works, whereas he has thought proper to collect his in a mass ; and, author like, he flatters himself that this will be more interesting and more thumbed than any other portion of his narrative. To do Jeremy justice, he has acquitted himself most ably, considering he has written so much without stirring beyond the precincts of his tavern ; and he bids fair to be ranked on a par with MOORE, who saw enough of America from a stage-waggon, to damn the whole of it—or with the elegant BRYDONE, who gives a sublime description of the top of Mount Etna, which he never reached—or with the rhapsodical DUPATY, who scampered, exclaiming, and apostrophising, and ah !-ing, and oh !-ing all over Italy—adored every marble-headed saint—deified every nameless scoundrel of a *torso*—threw himself into an ecstasy before every painting—and yet never stirred from his chamber the whole time.—

Oh, these travel-mongers!

Irving, Washington,

Salmagundi or, the whim-whams and opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, esq.
and others

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